Trul O.M. Pol

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XVIII.—No. 891.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1874. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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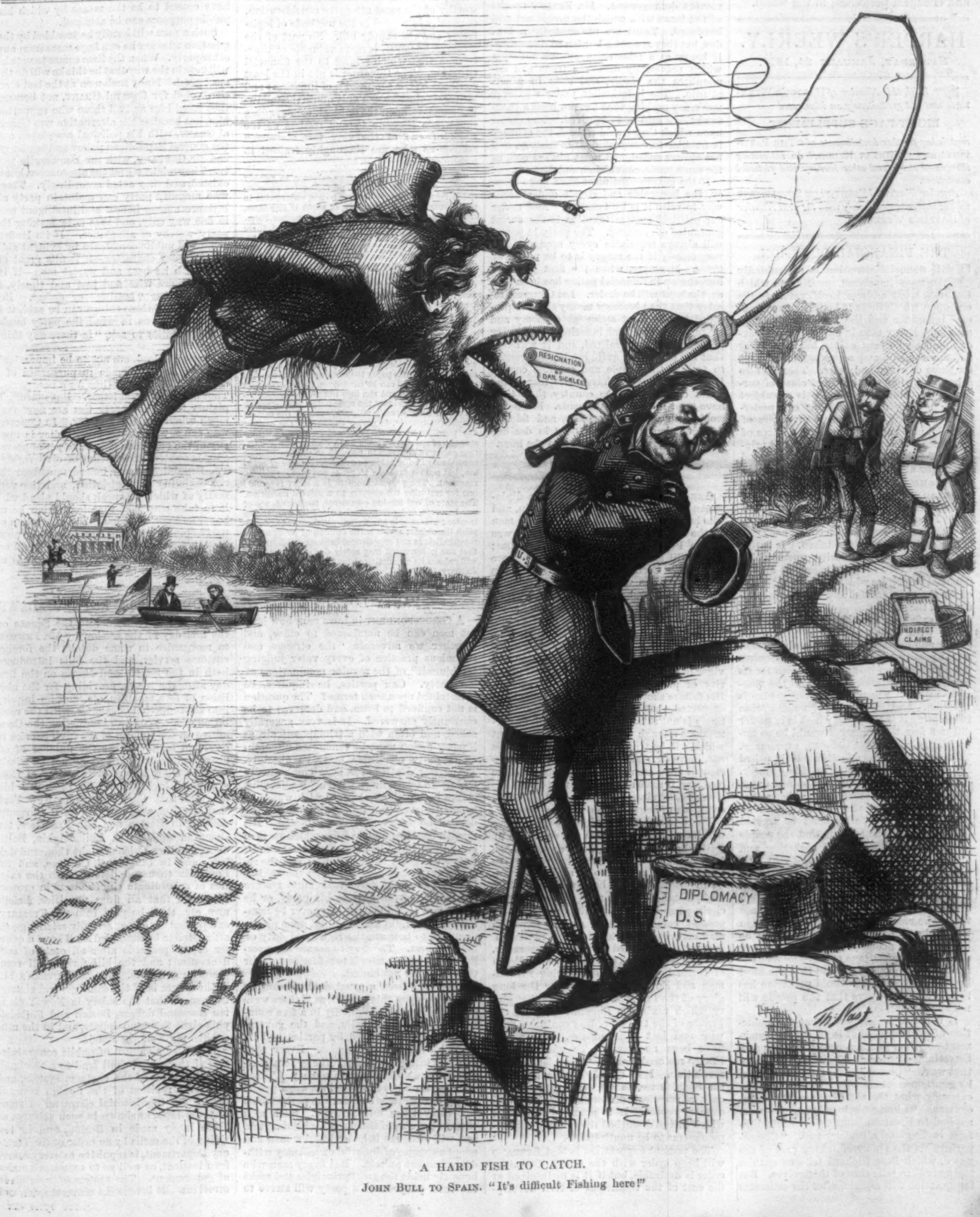
RESIGNATION OF DAN. SICKLES
U.S
INDIRECT CLAIMS
DIPLOMACY D.S.
U.S FIRST WATER
Th. Nast

A HARD FISH TO CATCH.

John Bull to Spain. "It's difficult Fishing here!"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1874.

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THE FINANCIAL QUESTION.

THE financial situation is undoubtedly the most important question to which Congress must address itself, yet it is the one upon which there is both the most general ignorance and the most resolute dogmatism. Every man in active business, every politician, every editor, has his theory and his remedy, and a profound contempt for those of every body else. There is also a large and not unintelligent class of persons who think that finance is a subject which nobody understands or can understand, and that the elaborate mysteries of financial plans are but ingenious devices of ignorance. This disposition to sneer at principles of political economy, and at a sound system, or at any system, of financial policy, is, however, hardly a more discouraging sign than the immense variety of assertions and speculations and plans for financial relief. They both show the want of familiarity with the subject, and the consequent risk of any action that may be taken. It is this ignorance, and unfamiliarity upon which demagogues rely in their sneers at all the financial principles which have been accepted by the most careful and thoughtful students of the subject.

The safe rule for those who are not familiar with such questions is to cling to simple and obvious principles and methods. At the present time the government requires more money than its receipts furnish for its current expenditures. How shall the money be raised? The plain and honest plan is taxation. And there would be no hesitation in adopting it if the party which is in power did not fear that taxation would be so unpopular as to endanger the party supremacy. This apprehension is foolish. It is a bad habit of politicians, even in this country, both to flatter the people and to fear them. They have not yet emancipated themselves from the old theory that the people are an ignorant multitude, who must be treated like children. The truth is that the people in this country do not need cockering, and are not to be driven this way and that by a few foolish cries. We do not mean to assert more than that there is a general good sense and intelligence which may be trusted. The late war proved that. The people are those who read the newspapers and write in them, who go to Congress and carry on the business of the country. They are not any single class, as artisans or day-laborers, the ignorant or the shiftless, and it is the most ignorant only that the timid politician has in mind when he says that the people will not stand taxation.

It is not to be supposed that the reduction of estimates—that is to say, retrenchment—will supply the money that is needed. Something may undoubtedly be saved in that way. "Cheese-parings" they are called by gentlemen whose policy would make the currency what the old Continental currency was. "Cheese-parings" was the term applied to EDMUND BURKE'S economical reform in England a century ago. "Cheese-parings" is the policy of taking care of the pence, which Poor Richard tells us enables the pounds to take care of themselves. But the question will remain, after the estimates are reduced, how the money shall be raised. Without taxation it can be raised only in one of three ways—by suspending the sinking fund; by new loans; by inflation. The sinking fund, established by the act of February 25, 1862, as Secretary RICHARDSON truly says, is regarded by law as "a solemn obligation of the government." To suspend it would be to repudiate the public faith, and the policy of suspension would be urged most vehemently by those who have already shown a willingness to repudiate. It would be a fatal blow at the national credit, and justly disgrace the country. The suspension can not be suggested except by those who are ready for dishonor.

The loan is the plan of Mr. KELLEY, of Pennsylvania—a "temporary loan," in some combination like a 3.65 convertible bond. This would unquestionably end in an inflation of the currency. It is but another step in the wrong direction, a temporary shift and expedient, leading to still further permanent derangement. Mr. KELLEY speaks of the taxes with which the people are still burdened. Taxes are undoubtedly a burden, but they are not a burden so disastrously heavy as a false currency—an inflation which necessarily disorders trade and demoralizes the trader, and ends in general ruin. The inflationists, under whatever mask, say nothing that has not been a thousand times said and disproved. The career upon which they would embark the country is familiar to every student of history, and has always ended, and must always end, in the same panic, convulsion, and disaster.

If the government must have more money, the honorable and simple and obvious way to raise it is by taxation. And under our political system taxation is the surest guarantee of economy. The party in power will always scrutinize every appropriation very closely if the money is to be raised by taxes. Moreover, when the first just and honest step in financial policy has been taken, the next will be easier. Let Congress resolve that the necessary money shall be provided by the most stringent economy and by taxation, and that inflation under every pretense shall be resisted, and it will find that the people are quite intelligent enough to sustain the simple and sensible course. Leaders in Congress have more fear of the worst elements in the country than they have trust in the good elements. But never would courage, independence, and fidelity be more gladly supported than in dealing with the commanding question of the hour.

SPAIN.

ONE of the shrewdest of European diplomatists, who has lived long in Spain, and who is familiar with all the prominent men of the country, said, when CASTELAR was chosen President, "It will be of no use; Spain will sink into anarchy, and then we shall see." Certainly the late *coup d'état* can surprise no one who has watched Spanish events, and probably CASTELAR himself knew, better than any one else, the doubts and dangers of the situation. But he could not honorably decline the task laid upon him, even if he mistrusted the result. It was his duty to try, and he showed a resolution and vigor in action, as well as the highest integrity of purpose, which deserved success. His failure shows what most observers have suspected, that the republican sentiment in Spain is not intelligent, or powerful, or harmonious enough to maintain a government which will be trusted or respected. It does not, however, show that any other government is more secure of permanence. On the contrary, it seems to indicate that Spain has already fallen into the chaotic and moribund condition of her old American provinces.

There is one moral which some persons will be swift to draw from the condition of Spain, but which is entirely unreasonable. It is plain, such persons will say, that the country must return to a strong government. But it must be remembered that what is called a strong government is precisely what has brought the country to its present condition. Bad as the situation may be, is it not better than the régime of ISABELLA—organized corruption, ignorance, and superstition? During the French Reign of Terror how many a shuddering Frenchman and Englishman sighed for the long glory of the LOUISES. But it was that glory which made the Revolution. Had the France of the two preceding centuries been wise and just and humane, there would have been no Terror. To wish the old France restored was merely to wish another revolution. It is equally foolish to regret the Spanish revolution, or to suppose that only a practical despotism can give the country repose. It is practical despotism which has so disturbed the country that repose seems to be unattainable.

The present expectation is that SERRANO will keep order with the army. Certainly order is desirable, but if it is maintained at the cost of the conditions of civil development and progress, it will destroy the nation. A ruler chosen by the army, and governing by it, is the worst of plagues to a people, if he be not one of the best of men. The Cortes is dissolved, the constitution destroyed, and SERRANO'S will is the government of Spain. But there is nothing in his career to prove that he has either the force or the virtue which are essential in the place that he has assumed. If the Spanish people were intelligent, if they were not peculiarly priest-ridden, if they had any of the habits of freedom, there might be seen some rallying-point for the future. While CASTELAR was at the head of affairs there was a chance of steady persistence in an intelligible direction. But SERRANO means nothing.

THE GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

GOVERNOR DIX'S Message is an admirable and thorough survey of the condition of the State; and his special recommendations are worthy of the most attentive consideration, especially in regard to the methods of legislation and the supply bill. No part of the Message, however, is more valuable or timely than that which relates to the financial situation. The Governor is not in the least confused by the sophistries of inflation; and we regret that we can only quote the following passages upon the subject, commending the whole Message to our readers as the work of one of the very few statesmen among us who are thoroughly trained in public affairs.

> "There are already numerous schemes to remedy existing evils, some of them providing for an additional issue of interest-bearing bonds, redeemable in greenbacks, or, in other words, of paper in one form, redeemable in irredeemable paper in another form. Unless the testimony of all history is discarded, these schemes can have no other consequences than to prolong and aggravate prevailing embarrassments, and end in a catastrophe more overwhelming to the prosperity of the country and the credit of the government than any we have yet experienced. It is a great error to suppose that there is any mystery in the currency question, however industriously the belief may be propagated by the advocates of paper, so long as all our reasonings concerning it are in relation with the standard of specie. It is only when men undertake to make that which has no intrinsic value perform an office to which intrinsic value is indispensable, or, in other words, it is only when men try to solve the impossible problem of ascertaining with how much inconvertible paper the commercial transactions of a great country can be carried on, that their minds become mystified, and run into the most illogical theories. It is believed that the remedial process by which we are to be effectually relieved is one of the utmost simplicity—namely, to gather together at the earliest day possible, by purchase or otherwise, a sufficient amount of specie to enable us to declare our circulating paper redeemable in coin. The precise amount needed may be the subject of some difference of opinion, but not so great as to cause any serious embarrassment. The present moment is a most favorable one for restoring the country to a solvent condition. The state of our foreign commerce, the abundance of our harvests, and our general prosperity combine to inspire confidence in any well-directed effort to accomplish the object; and it is the opinion of many of our most judicious and experienced bankers and financiers that the government may safely declare now that it will redeem its circulating notes in specie on the 1st of January, 1875."

PARTY LOYALTY.

A CORRESPONDENT in Iowa asks how honest men can be nominated to office, and whether we advocate "the strange and ridiculous practice of every voter judging for himself" of the regular nominations of his party. Can parties, he inquires, be maintained upon such terms? The question is not confined to Iowa, and deserves to be constantly answered. It is very generally asked, and often with a triumphant air, as if party action must be renounced altogether, or party obedience must be absolute. This latter doctrine has been emphatically laid down by a noted "Liberal" leader, who, before he left the first party with which he acted, declared that he should vote for the devil if he were regularly nominated. His remark contains a logic from which no man must shrink who insists that the voter must follow the party at all hazards; and the reply to any honest inquirer upon the subject is very plain: the party man must reserve the right to vote against his party, or he must show that the devil can never be nominated. The right and the duty, upon proper occasion, to bolt are the right and duty of being honest. The way to secure the nomination of honest men is to refuse to vote for those who are not honest.

There has been a great deal of amusing discussion upon this subject, as if there were any question. Undoubtedly in a free country there will be parties, and the government will be conducted by parties, and its control contested by parties. Every man who has interest enough in the general welfare to vote will vote with a party. Those who have positive convictions upon public policy will warmly support the party which will carry them into practice. Such men will not require of the party an ideal action, and will often see it honor inferior men and adopt measures of doubtful expediency without vehement protest. But every man who honestly holds the great principles and seeks the chief purposes of a party will strive to have it represented by men whose ability and character will commend it to general confidence and support. He will often be disappointed in his personal preferences of this kind, but such disappointment will not separate him from his party. When, however, a candidate is nominated known to him or suspected by him to be dishonest or unfit, he will strenuously oppose him in the interest of the party, as well as of the public welfare, because he knows that the ascendency of such men will be fatal to the party upon which he depends for the public policy that he approves, and because the only sure way of preventing the party nomination of unfit men is to defeat them. Should he see that the party is coming to be generally represented by those who are either dishonest or of poor character, and that its measures are really in conflict with its principles and his own convictions, he will naturally remonstrate, and if without avail, he will, of course, cease to sustain the party, because it will have ceased to be the means by which his public purposes can be attained.

Such a man will hardly be troubled by the question whether he can hope more from any other party. When the time comes to vote he will vote in the way that he thinks will do the most good. Many such men at the last election voted for General GRANT, not because they liked him and all those who supported him, but because the alternative was General GRANT, with his political associates, and the general Republican policy and tendency, and Mr. GREELEY, with the Democratic party. They might regret the alternative, but it existed, and they acted accordingly. Those who magnify party can maintain party allegiance among honest and intelligent men in one way only, and that is by making the party worthy of allegiance. If its leaders command public confidence by evident ability and lofty character—if it fills great offices with its best and purest men—if its measures are wise and just and timely, it need not fear "bolting" or defeat. But when none of these things can be said, it is simply ludicrous to wind the party bugle, and only futile to ask, "Is there any thing better?"

Parties, indeed, are not to be improvised, and they are not made in pursuance of a conviction that "it is time for a new party." They arise upon real issues. But nothing is plainer than that party ties are now very much relaxed in this country. In Congress who can say what the party policy is upon any of the questions that have yet appeared at this session, except that of civil rights? The Republican party, indeed, must bear the responsibility of legislation, and the very laxity of which we speak should plead with it to take care that that legislation be an honor and not a burden. The expression of party opinion upon the "grab" and the nomination for the Chief Justiceship should occasion profound reflection in the minds of those who direct the Republican policy.

REFORM IN THE REVENUE LAWS.

THE bill introduced into the Senate on the first day of the session by Mr. FENTON, to reorganize in some details the foreign customs service, and the bills introduced both in the Senate and House on the first day after the recess, providing for the abolition of fees, moieties, etc., and an inquiry into the reduction of salaries, with the resolution of Mr. WILLARD instructing the Committee on the Reform of the Civil Service to ascertain both whether the number of officers and their salaries may not be wisely reduced, show the good tendency of Congressional legislation. Mr. FENTON'S bill provides that the Collector in New York shall receive a salary of fifteen thousand dollars; in Boston and San Francisco, ten thousand dollars; in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New Orleans, eight thousand dollars; and in Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis, six thousand dollars, with the salaries of subordinate chief officers in proportion; and that all fines, penalties, forfeitures, etc., shall be paid into the Treasury, except that an officer actually seizing goods attempted to be smuggled shall have a quarter of the proceeds after all costs of condemnation; and the bill forbids all compromises or reliefs. General BUTLER'S bill in the House is of the same general character, except that the salary in New York is ten thousand dollars, Boston and Philadelphia eight thousand dollars, and in the other chief ports six thousand.

It will be a subject of public congratulation if these bills shall lead to a thorough reorganization of the customs system, and a careful revision of the foreign revenue laws. The inquisitorial character of some of those laws, as shown in such seizures as those lately made in Boston, and in the rifling of the mails by an order of the Treasury Department, is repulsive to every American instinct, as well as to sound principles of government. The system of moieties is atrocious. It breeds the meanest spies, and puts a premium upon duplicity. The enormous emoluments of the chief positions, also, are totally unreasonable and absolutely disproportioned. Under our system of patronage they serve mainly as huge rewards of mere party service. We hope that some member of Congress who is sincerely interested in the matter will study the whole subject, and give the results in a report or a speech which should be conclusive.

Senator WRIGHT, of Iowa, proposes that the Civil Service Committee ascertain whether all salaries over one thousand dollars a year may not wisely be reduced ten per cent. This seems to us a bad means to a good end. The true question is whether the number of officers may not judiciously be reduced, and the general efficiency increased. To this end, good pay for good work, and good work secured by a different principle of appointment, would seem to be very efficient measures. Reasonable equalization of salaries, also, is one of the most necessary steps to improvement of the public service. Public officers are not generally overpaid, and there is an "involuntary contribution" constantly expected of the clerks, which prevents excess of emolument. Perhaps, in view of the character and the time of the work expected, the salaries, upon the whole, are fair. The lowest-class clerk in a Washington department, who receives twelve hundred dollars a year for attendance from nine to three o'clock, would hardly receive more in a private business, where a very much longer day would be required. But, on the other hand, there are very important and responsible officers, whose duties are not merely perfunctory, and whose salary is disproportionately small. The whole subject should be reviewed in a reasonable spirit—not for the purpose of a "spurt" of economy, but to place the wages of the civil service upon some intelligent and just basis. Fees, perquisites, moieties, forfeitures, fines, should all be paid into the Treasury; and the time is propitious, if the honest and capable will help, for a sensible reconstruction of the details of the public service.

OLD FRIENDS.

THE *Republic*, a magazine and weekly paper in Washington, which is supposed to be especially devoted to the interests of the Republican party, has a long article in a recent number upon the civil service reform, and hostile to the principle of the "rules." The article repeats the usual objections. But the discussion in this country has not only not elicited any thing new, but a hundred-fold more objections than have ever been suggested here were stated in the strongest manner, and, as we think, conclusively answered and demolished, during the consideration of the subject in England fifteen years ago.

One of the most familiar adverse arguments in this country, which was urged by Mr. LOGAN in the House of Representatives in the JENCKES debate, and which has been constantly repeated, is that the proposed reform is foreign to the genius of a popular government, and tends to create a bureaucracy, which, it is alleged, may do very well in Prussia, but not in a republic, where the government should be close to the people. But one of the chief mischiefs of the present system is that it tends to separate the government from the people. Nothing is more evident to those who are practically familiar with politics than that those who control the patronage are absorbing the power of the government. With the vast increase of the number of office-holders the influence and power of the single citizen are paralyzed. Compelled to move with a party if he would effect practical results, he finds that the party action is determined by those who have a personal and vital interest in the result, and who spare no effort of any kind. The party is made more and more to serve the purposes of those who, under the patronage system of the civil service, direct the party; and if the voter, feeling his hold upon the government slipping from him into the hands of the brokers of political patronage, looks for some means to destroy their usurpation, they themselves turn upon him, and declare with the *Republic* that he wishes to create a bureaucracy.

What is a bureaucracy? It is the power of the permanent government in a monarchy operating through civil agents appointed by itself. How is a bureaucracy, or any thing resembling it, possible in this country? Only in one way, and that is by such an organization of the patronage as to keep the party that holds it in permanent power. And, in the mean time, what so nearly resembles a bureaucracy as the conduct of a party government operating through civil agents appointed by itself upon grounds of implicit party subserviency? It will be answered that the party power itself must be submitted to popular election every four years. That is true, but the patronage system gives the party a monstrous advantage in the election, and of necessity converts the struggle from a debate of political policy into a desperate contest for plunder. As the number of offices increases, the fury and the peril of the contest increase in the same degree. What method can be conceived so practicable and so simple to avoid a plain danger as to provide that the patronage of the government shall not put the government itself in peril?

But it is said that the reformed system—that is, one in which appointments are made for proved fitness, and not from partisan influence—will fill the service with officers who will rust and become "dead-wood" and incompetent, yet who can not easily be removed. Why not? In the rules adopted by the President the power of removal is left absolutely untouched. It is as free as it is now. And why? Because a system of removal for proved cause only, necessarily becomes rigid and rusty. To retain proper and indispensable flexibility in any administrative service, officers must be removable for causes that often can not be proved in any technical and legal sense, but which are nevertheless adequate and satisfactory. The best and the most that can be done, therefore, is to secure appointment for fitness, and to remove, as much as possible, illicit causes for removal. And in our civil service, by providing a proper method of appointment, we destroy the chief improper motives for removal.

The advocates of the patronage system declare that we want "new blood" in the offices every few years. Is this new blood supplied by a mere change of officers? Is it an infusion of serviceable new blood to appoint a party touter—and for that reason—an appraiser of laces in place of an experienced appraiser, and to turn him out by another touter when he begins to understand the business? How does the patronage system supply new blood in the sense of better service? Is it the experienced or the ignorant officers who are more serviceable? And is it to the tyros or to the experts that we owe the small improvements in official methods? Under a reasonable and sensible and American system of the civil service the absurdities and vexations of our foreign revenue machinery, for instance, would long ago have been corrected.

The *Republic* thinks that a competitive examination can not determine such qualities as zeal, fidelity, reticence, caution, etc., and quotes the passage of ARTHUR HELPS in *Thoughts on Government*, which has done a great deal of duty in this discussion. JOHN STUART MILL, perhaps as good an authority upon the subject as Mr. HELPS, not only theoretically but practically long ago disposed of the objection, which had been previously stated with much more force than Mr. HELPS states it. Its substance is that an examination in technical knowledge does not determine qualities of character. Nobody asserts that it does, although the presumption is always in favor of intelligence as against ignorance. But in the civil service both technical knowledge and certain qualities of character are required; and the reformed system provides that the former shall be ascertained, as alone it can be, by examination, and the latter, as is alone practicable, by experience. No one is appointed under the reformed system upon the results of a competitive examination alone, but of an examination and subsequent probation. And this is perhaps as satisfactory and reasonable a method as accepting the recommendation of a ward committee as final evidence both of special fitness and moral character.

THE "VIRGINIUS" CORRESPONDENCE.

THE President's message to Congress, transmitting the *Virginius* correspondence, was a clear statement of the position of the Government, which is that always taken by us under similar circumstances. The President says, after stating that the *Virginius* was duly registered and cleared:

> "It is not disputed that she made the voyage according to her clearance, nor that from that day to this she has not returned within the territorial jurisdiction of the United States. It is also understood that she preserved her American papers, and that when within foreign ports she made the practice of putting forth claim to American nationality, which was recognized by the authorities at such ports. When, therefore, she left the port of Kingston in October last under the flag of the United States she would appear to have had, as against all powers except the United States, the right to fly that flag and to claim its protection, as enjoyed by all regularly documented vessels registered as part of our commercial marine. No state of war existed conferring upon a maritime power the right to molest and detain upon the high seas a documented vessel, and it can not be pretended that the *Virginius* had placed herself without the pale of all law by acts of piracy against the human race. If her papers were irregular or fraudulent, the offense was one against the laws of the United States, justifiable only in their tribunals."

The position, then, is this: a ship in time of peace, sailing upon the high seas, carrying fraudulent American papers, and fraudulently showing the flag of the United States, must not be stopped by the cruiser of any other nation. We claim that our flag shall not protect pirates, and shall secure immunity only to honestly documented ships, but we forbid every body but ourselves from verifying the documents. If a pirate shows our flag, or if a company of freebooters carry by perjury or forgery United States papers, the fraud gives them immunity against all but our cruisers. And if such a vessel should nevertheless be stopped upon the high seas by a foreign cruiser, the foreign power must apologize to us for stopping a vessel that has no claim to our protection, and for the reason that, although she has no claim to our protection, the foreign power has no right to ascertain the fact. A friendly foreign nation may have satisfactory evidence that the papers are fraudulent and the flag a lie; the vessel may be carrying munitions of war and military leaders with the intention of making war upon that friend, but the flag which she has no right to carry protects her, and the foreign friend must respect the fraud of which he has proof.

That is to say, we declare the absolute immunity of our flag upon the high seas in time of peace. There can be no exceptions, since we alone may test the right to the flag and the regularity of the papers. This is the doctrine that we declare, and its reason is obvious. It is that permission to any foreign cruiser to stop our flag under such circumstances and under any pretense would lead to more deplorable results than the absolute immunity of the flag. But rights and duties are reciprocal. If we have the right to maintain this doctrine, it is our duty to take care that neither our own honor nor the peace of our friends suffer by it. If with our small navy, which demagogues are constantly striving to make smaller, we announce that pirate and filibuster shall sail the seas under our flag unchallenged except by us, our most pressing and honorable duty is to take care that the flag is not abused. The Government now admits that the *Virginius* was not lawfully registered, and had no right to the flag. Spain evidently knew it. Why did not we? So long as Cuba is a part of Spain, respect for our own flag and international comity require that there should be a treaty which will make such a crisis as we have recently passed impossible. This is the plain lesson of the correspondence which the President has sent to Congress. If we mean to make our friends respect the flag, let us, at least, make our enemies who steal it suffer for the fraud.

COLLISIONS AT SEA.

MR. G. L. SCHUYLER, a gentleman of large experience in yachting and marine affairs, has written a letter to the *Times*, in which he makes a very simple and obvious suggestion in regard to collisions at sea. He asks why it is that upon the North River and in Long Island Sound, where there are fleets of sail vessels and steamers constantly passing each other, there are so few collisions; and he answers his question satisfactorily by saying that the safety of the vessels is mainly due to the position of the pilot and the steering apparatus upon the steamers. Collisions, as Mr. SCHUYLER says, are "a matter of seconds." And the time lost in conveying a warning or message from a look-out to an officer and from the officer to the steersman is enough to lose the ship. In our coast steamers the steersman and the pilot are their own look-outs. They are posted securely in the front of the vessel, and, with their hands upon the wheel and their trained eyes watching, they are ready to make the instant turn which will evade the catastrophe and save the ship. It seems hardly possible that the *Ville du Havre* would have been lost if the helmsman, with proper assistants, had been stationed in the bow of the vessel. The surest guarantee against collision is a trained steersman—such as should be always at the wheel—and in that position.

The investigation into the causes of the tragedy of the *Ville du Havre* will hardly enlighten us as to the true story of that awful night. It has apparently become a national question. The English inquiry absolves the English ship, and the French inquiry the French ship. The French commander, however, is personally acquitted of blame, except perhaps for want of discipline. There is no doubt that the French boats saved chiefly the crew of the French steamer, although the captain sank with his ship, and Mr. WITTHAUS describes the sublime heroism of the French medical assistant.

Indeed, the most striking and inspiring aspect of the catastrophe was the behavior of the passengers. The tone of the letters of young Mr. WITTHAUS shows what this was. The living are taught the greatest of lessons by the dead of the *Ville du Havre*—calmness and serene courage in the sudden presence of death. When the good Dr. TOLLEN was lost upon the *Lexington*, thirty-four years ago, Dr. CHANNING said that no one who knew him could doubt that he died as nobly as he had lived. But the reports that we have of those few final moments upon the *Ville du Havre* show that all the men and women were equally heroic. The least that we can do is to insist that every practicable means shall be adopted to prevent such terrible disasters hereafter; and that which Mr. SCHUYLER suggests is so simple and obvious that there is no good reason for continuing the old and fatal dilatory practice of steering ocean steam-ships. The first good European steamer which, like our coast steamers, places its pilot-house in the bows will be the safest and the most popular steamer afloat.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS re-assembled after the holiday recess on the 5th inst. A large number of bills were presented during the week, but beyond the discussion of sundry matters very little was done. The most important acts were the confirmation of Mr. Caleb Cushing as minister to Spain on the 6th inst., and the withdrawal by the President, on the 7th inst., of Attorney-General Williams's name for the Chief Justiceship. On the 9th inst. the President nominated Mr. Caleb Cushing for Chief Justice, and the Senate referred the matter to the Judiciary Committee.—The bankruptcy law was again discussed in the Senate. On the 5th inst. Mr. Edmunds, from the Judiciary Committee, reported a substitute for the House repeal bill, among the provisions of which are, one abolishing the requirement of fifty per cent. assets in case of an involuntary bankrupt; one giving legal effect to a composition with the bankrupt acceded to by creditors a majority in number and three-fourths in value; one reducing the fees by fifty per cent. until such time as all fees shall be regulated by the justices of the Supreme Court, as provided for in the act; and one giving the justices power to regulate general proceedings under the act, "to the end that prolixity, delay, and unnecessary expense be avoided."—The salary question was also before the Senate, on the consideration of the House bill, with amendments by the Senate's Civil Service and Retrenchment Committee, repealing the act of March 3, 1873, fixing the salaries as they were before the passage of that law, and providing salaries of $8000 for heads of departments. During the discussion, which ran through parts of five days, various amendments were offered, most of which were rejected. Those that prevailed were, one by Mr. Hamilton, including the repeal of the President's salary increase after March 4, 1877; one by Mr. Edmunds, fixing Congressmen's salaries at $5000, and another by the same Senator, substituting "mileage allowed by law prior to the passage of the act of March 3, 1873," for "actual individual expenses of each Senator," etc.; and one by Mr. Merriman, inserting, after the word "mileage," "and other allowance." Up to the adjournment a final vote on the whole matter had not been taken.—The correspondence in regard to the *Virginius* case was laid before the Senate on the 5th inst., and ordered to be printed.—Several financial measures were proposed in both Houses. In the Senate, Mr. Buckingham, with a view of preventing inflation, and meeting the necessities of the government, moved to direct the Finance Committee to inquire into the expediency of authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to make temporary loans, the national banks to use certificates of indebtedness issued for such loans as part of their reserves; also to provide for the redemption and cancellation of legal tender notes, equal in amount to those which have been or may be paid out of the $44,000,000 heretofore held by the Secretary of the Treasury. The bill was ordered to be printed. Mr. Buckingham's free banking bill was taken from the table on the 6th inst. and referred to the Finance Committee. Mr. Morrill, from the Finance Committee, reported in favor of indefinitely postponing the consideration of Mr. Sumner's resolution abolishing the Internal Revenue Bureau. Among the bills introduced in the House was one by Mr. Mellish, suggesting important changes in the financial system of the country. Among other provisions is one allowing each national bank to determine for itself what amount of lawful money it will keep on hand, and allowing it to elect whether it shall redeem its circulating notes in coin, legal tenders, or United States bonds. Another section provides for the issue by the Secretary of the Treasury of standard-value money certificates of various denominations, receivable for all debts, public and private, except the principal and interest on the public debt.—Bills were introduced in the House by Messrs. Butler and Cox to prevent the payment of moieties to informers.—An important railroad measure was proposed in the House on the 7th inst. by Mr. Kasson, calling for the appointment of seven commissioners, who, after careful inquiry into the affairs of the various companies, are to report to Congress a reasonable and just maximum tariff on the principal articles of interstate and foreign commerce (especially articles of food), and for passengers.—A motion in the House to relieve the destitute residents of Louisiana by issuing army rations was adversely reported upon by committee, and lost. An appeal from members of the M'Enery Legislature of Louisiana for Congressional relief, received by telegraph in the Senate, was tabled.—Mr. Sumner presented a petition 353 feet in length, and signed by 35,179 residents of Ohio, against the proposed theological amendment of the Constitution. It was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

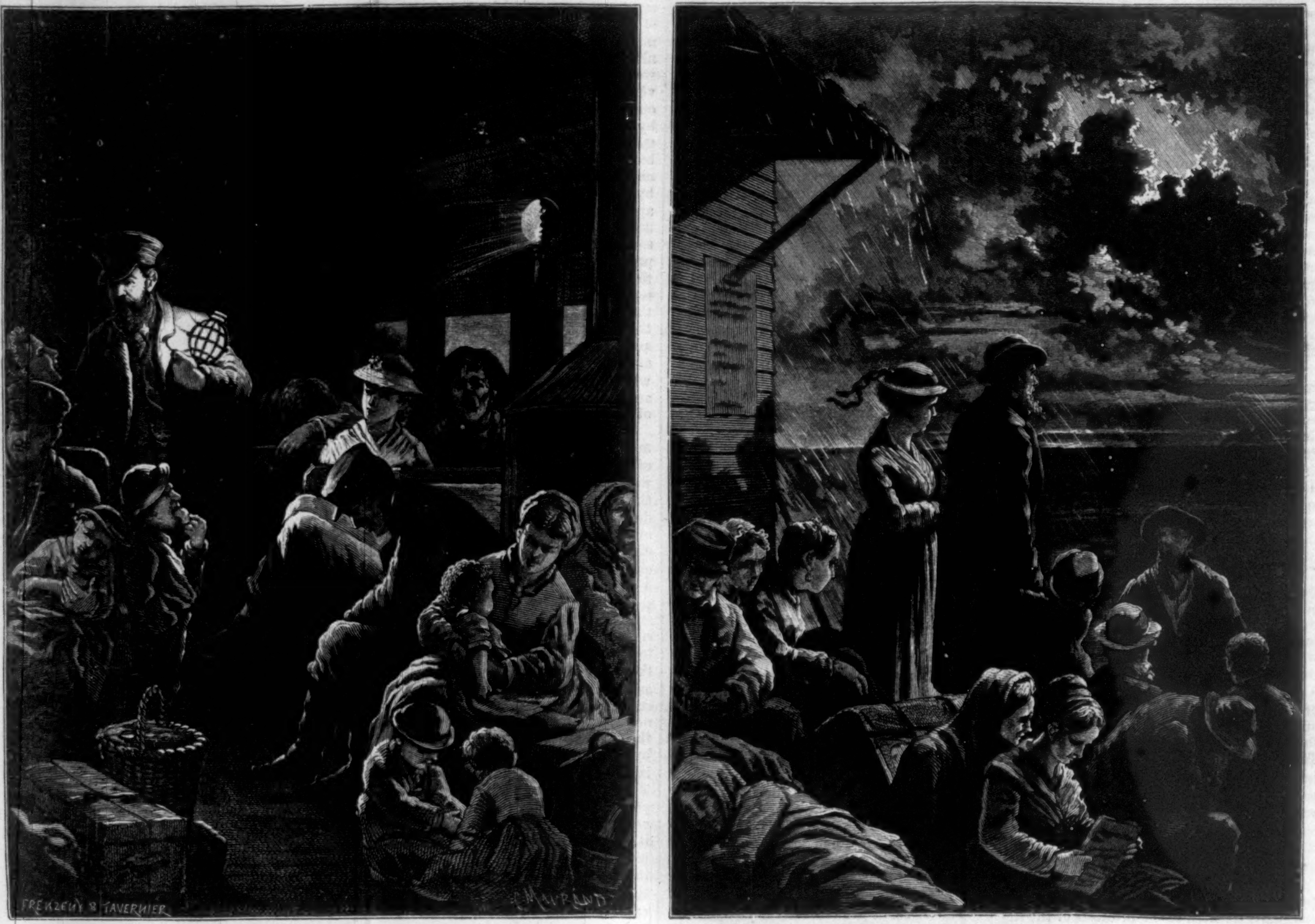
The New York State Legislature opened this year's session at Albany on the 6th inst. In the Assembly, James W. Husted was elected Speaker. In the Senate, Lieutenant-Governor Robinson presided. Governor Dix in his Message, touching upon national as well as State affairs, gives his views on the currency question at length. There are some excellent suggestions in the Message, such as the recommendation to pass a law which shall effectually reach and punish officers in railroad or other corporations who abuse the powers intrusted to them, and the hints upon the subject of careless and hasty legislation. He also protests against the practice of keeping back the supply bill until the last hours of the session. The Governor calls special attention to the necessity of immediate legislation in regard to the encroachments on New York Harbor, which threaten to leave us without a port. In the Senate, on the first day, Mr. King proposed a bill exempting bonds and mortgages from taxation, and another modifying the usury law. In the Assembly, on the same day, Mr. Coughlin offered a bill providing work for the unemployed in the laboring classes of the State. On the 7th inst. a bill was introduced appropriating $500,000 for the improvement of the Champlain Canal. On the same day both Houses adjourned till the 13th inst.

Ex-Sheriff Brennan and his deputy, Mr. Shields, have been sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment and a fine of $250 each, for contempt of court, in disobeying the order committing Harry Genet to the City Prison, and thus allowing him to escape.

FOREIGN NEWS.

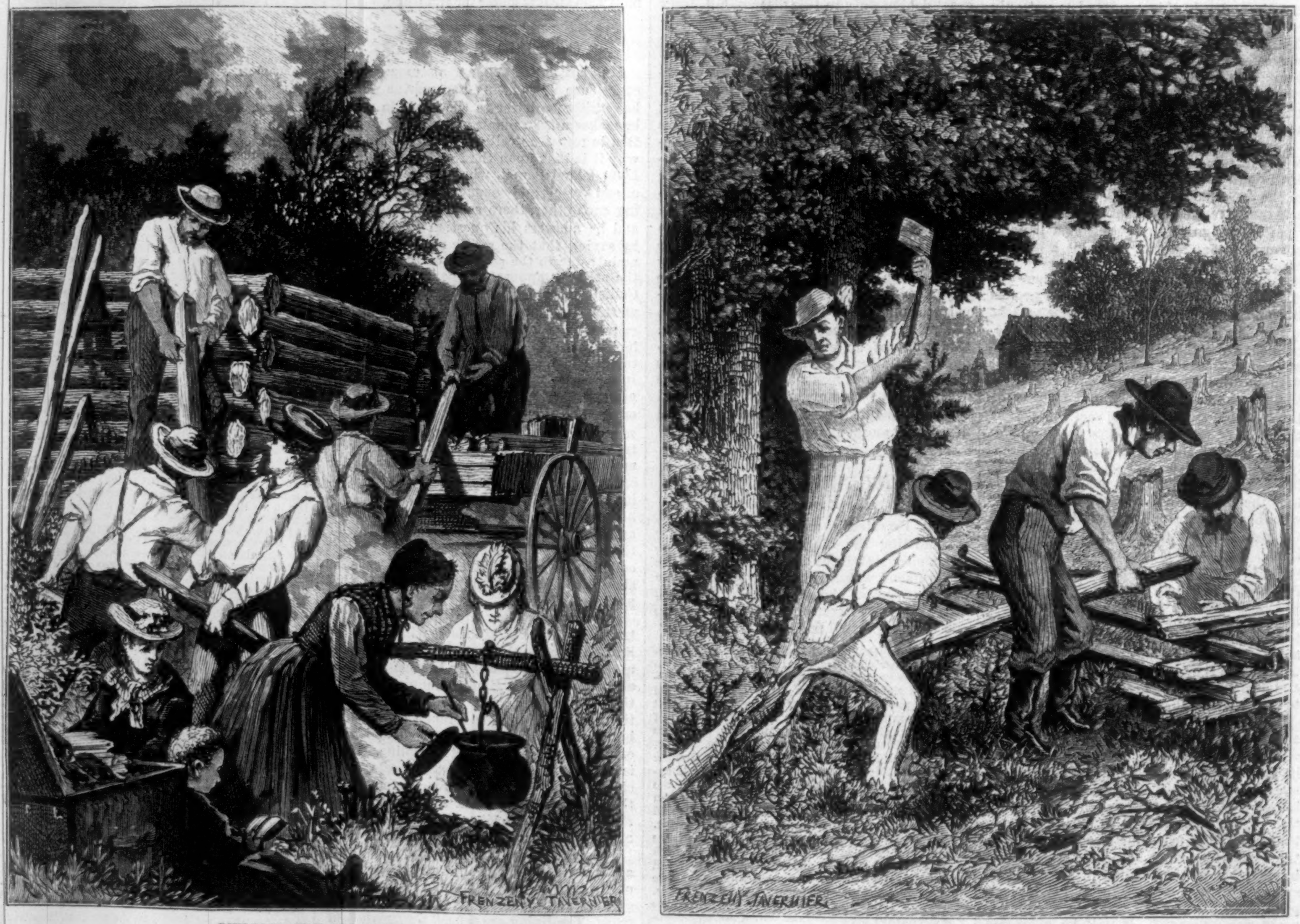
THE Spanish ministry have issued a lengthy manifesto, addressed to the nation, declaring their objects to be identical with those of the revolution of 1868.—A decree was promulgated on the 9th inst. dissolving the Cortes.

The members of the French ministry resigned on the 9th inst., but the President sought to persuade them to continue in service.


FRENZENY & TAVERNIER

IN THE EMIGRANT TRAIN.

SWITCHED OFF.


FRENZENY & TAVERNIER
FRENZENY & TAVERNIER

BUILDING THE LOG-CABIN.

LAYING THE FENCES.

SCENES IN EMIGRANT LIFE.—[SEE PAGE 78.]

THE HON. JOHN W. HUNTER.

The Hon. John W. Hunter, the newly inaugurated Mayor of Brooklyn, whose portrait is given on this page, is a gentleman whose election is honorable alike to himself and the city which has chosen him for its Chief Magistrate. He has held several prominent offices of public trust, and in all has displayed those high personal qualities which win confidence and esteem.

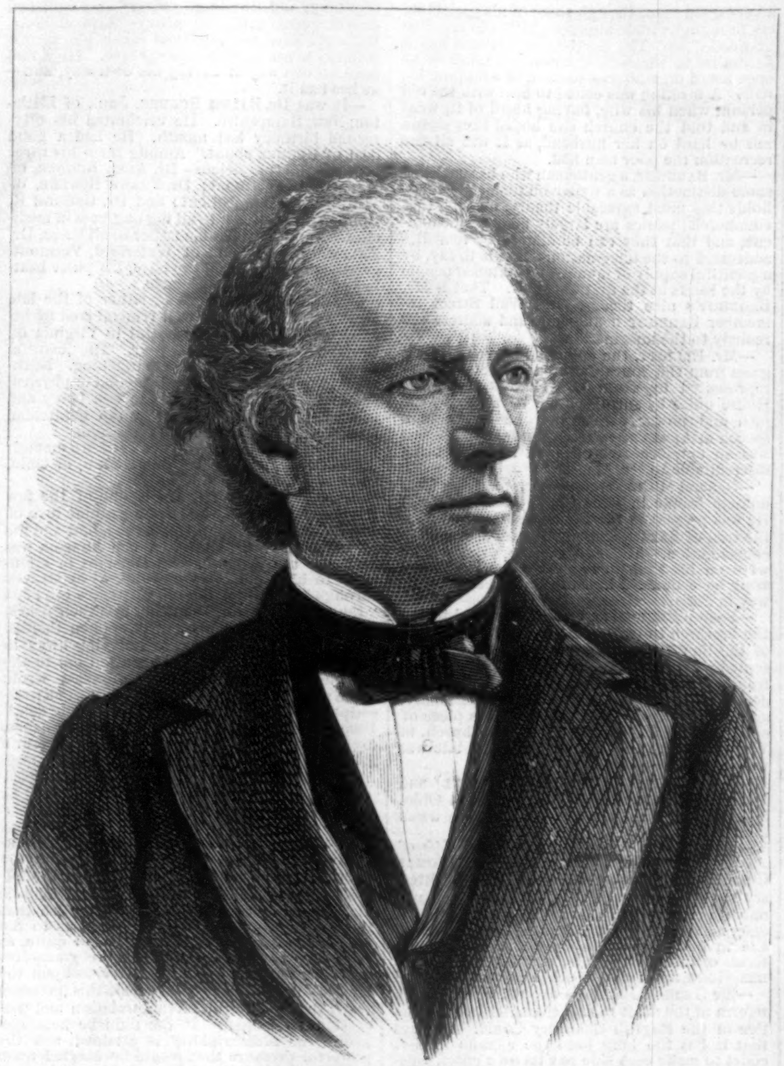
Mr. Hunter was born in 1807 in the village of Bedford, now a part of the city of Brooklyn. His father, a farmer, went to Long Island from Monmouth County, New Jersey. His ancestors on his mother's side were from Holland, and were among the first settlers in that portion of the island. John W. Hunter was educated in the district schools of that period. He well remembers when Brooklyn was a village, and when its southern boundary was Red Hook Lane. His first business connection was formed in New York city, where he served a clerkship in a large grocery house. His health, while yet a young man, was not robust, but his habits of living have been such that he has attained the age of sixty-five years, and is at present, to use his own words, "without any physical infirmities."

For many years Mr. Hunter has been warmly identified with the educational interests of Brooklyn. Thirty-five years ago he was one of the Trustees of what is now School No. 1, in that city. For thirty years he has been a member of the Brooklyn Board of Education, and in this position has labored assiduously to promote the welfare and increase the efficiency and usefulness of common schools. He did not seek the position, nor has he ever asked to be retained in it; but such has been his manifest fitness for the responsible duties connected with the board, that no appointing power, in all the municipal changes which have taken place since he first became a member, has been disposed to leave him out.

In 1864, while holding the position of Assistant Auditor in the New York Custom-house, Mr. Hunter was wrongfully accused of a serious crime against the government, but a rigorous examination resulted in his complete and triumphant vindication. Mr. John J. Cisco, at that time Sub-Treasurer, at whose instance the charge was made, wrote him a letter, in which he said, "Not a doubt rests in my mind of your entire innocence, and I deeply regret the erroneous theory on which I acted." Not a shadow of doubt in regard to his personal and official integrity ever rested for a moment in the minds of his fellow-citizens. Shortly after this Mr. Hunter was elected to Congress from the Third Congressional District to fill a vacancy caused by the death of the late Hon. James Humphrey. Mr. Hunter declined President Johnson's nomination as Collector of Internal Revenue for Brooklyn. Mr. M'Culloch, at that time Secretary of the Treasury, wrote to Mr. Hunter, urging him to accept the office, and expressing the belief that his selection would harmonize conflicting interests, and best subserve public requirements.

For more than thirteen years Mr. Hunter has been identified with the Dime Savings-Bank in Brooklyn, holding successively the positions of Trustee, Secretary, and Treasurer. During this time the deposits in the Dime Savings have increased from one to seven millions. Over thirty thousand people now have money at interest in this bank. Mr. Hunter has recently been elected Treasurer.

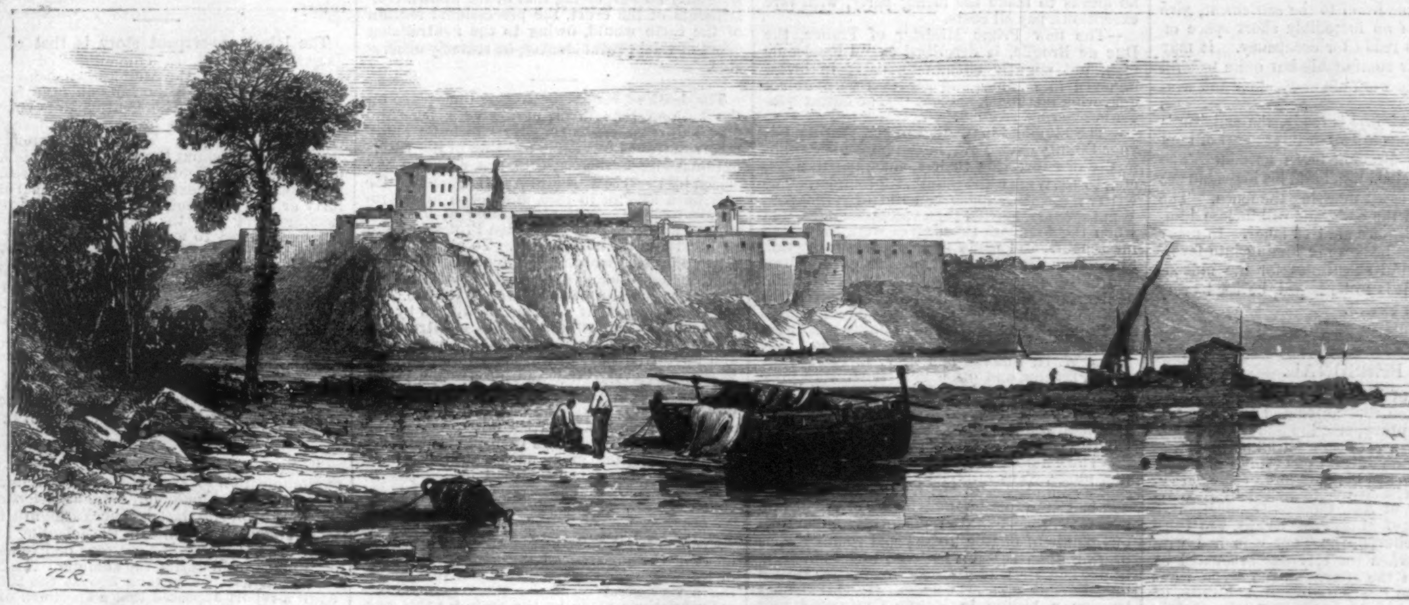
Mr. Hunter was educated in the Episcopal faith, and is at present connected with St. Luke's Church, on Clinton Avenue. He has been a delegate to the New York Diocesan Convention from that parish for many years, and was a delegate from the diocese of Long Island to the last General Episcopal Convention, held in Baltimore in 1871. Up to the time of his nomination for Mayor of Brooklyn he was Treasurer of the Committee of One Hundred, instituted for the purpose of securing sorely needed reforms in municipal affairs. His election is proof that his zealous and non-partisan services were appreciated by the citizens of Brooklyn, and an earnest that the cause of municipal reform is making head against the misrule of corrupt and mercenary "Rings."



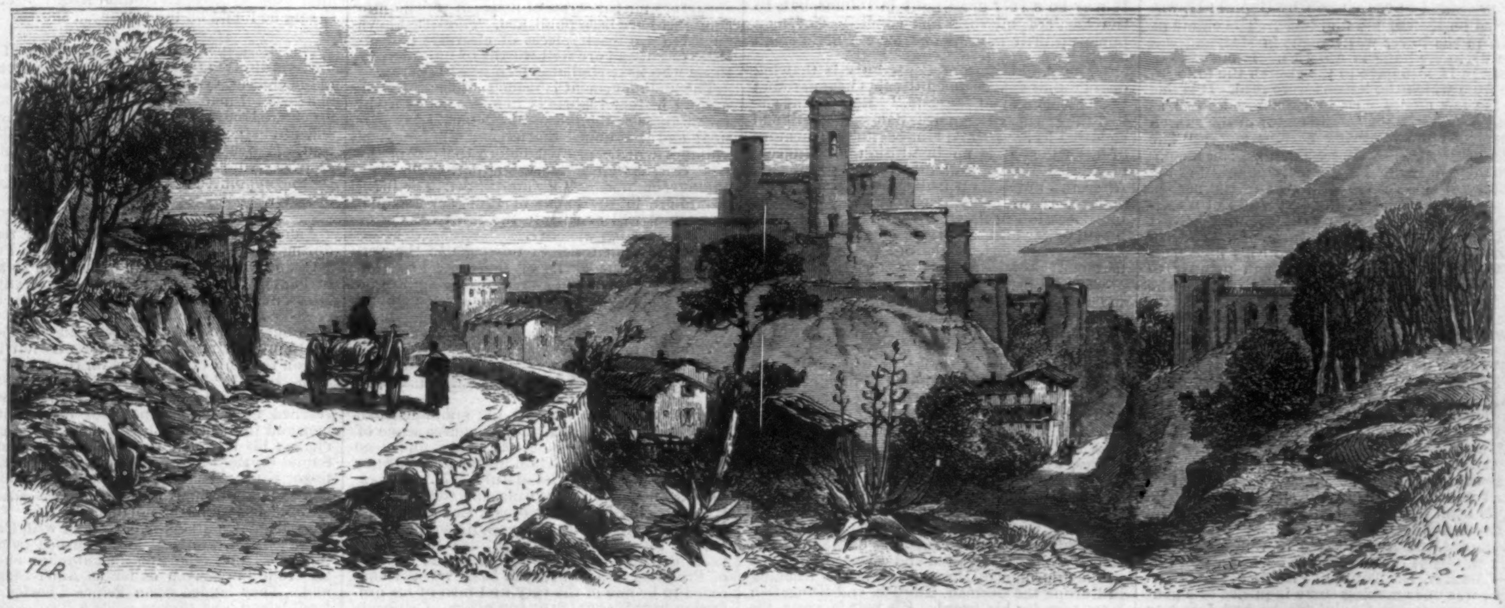
THE HON. JOHN W. HUNTER, MAYOR OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.—[Phot. by Frank E. Pearsall, Brooklyn.]

MARSHAL BAZAINE'S PRISON.

The island of Sainte-Marguerite is one of the two Iles des Lérins, opposite the picturesque little watering-place of Cannes. The fortress was built by Louis XIII. in the early part of the seventeenth century, under the auspices of Cardinal Richelieu, and has sustained two memorable sieges—one against the Spaniards in 1685, another in 1746 against the combined forces of the Austrians and Piedmontese. There also lived for seventeen years that mysterious prisoner of Louis XIV., the "Man in the Iron Mask," whose identity has furnished historians and novelists with an ever-fruitful theme of theory and conjecture. The fort is a pentagon in shape, and is of immense strength. The walls of the dungeon where the mysterious prisoner was confined are thirteen feet in thickness, and the solitary window is trebly guarded by iron bars. Not that Marshal, or rather Monsieur, Bazaine will suffer such rigorous confinement. He will probably be allowed the run of the fortress and



THE ISLAND FORTRESS OF SAINTE-MARGUERITE, THE PRISON OF MARSHAL BAZAINE.



CANNES, WHERE MARSHAL BAZAINE'S FAMILY WILL RESIDE.

grounds on parole, and a correspondent remarks with some truth that those who know the exquisite scenery and climate of Sainte-Marguerite, with its myrtle and orange groves, will be rather disposed to envy than to pity the prisoner. It is curious that under the First Empire a grand-uncle of the present Duc de Broglie, Archbishop of Ghent, should have been confined in the castle. The last use, however, made of the prison was to intern Arab prisoners from Algeria. The neighboring island is St. Honorat, now the property of an Englishman, and contains the ruins of a monastery said to have been the residence of ST. PATRICK in the interval between his captivity in Ireland and his return thither to be her apostle.

Cannes, where Madame BAZAINE and her children will reside, presents little worthy of interest as a town, but is remarkable for the beauty of its scenery both sea and landward, the former comprising the Lérin Isles, and the latter the magnificently wooded Estrelles chain. Close by, also, is the Villa Louise Eléonore, built by Lord BROUGHAM, and so long his favorite residence.

EMIGRANT LIFE.

IN the spirited illustrations on page 76 our artists give us several striking incidents in the Westward progress and settlement of emigrants. The first shows the interior of a car on an emigrant train at night. The journey is not, in general, particularly pleasant. The cars, which are often old ones fitted up for human freight, may be crowded to their utmost capacity, and as they are generally attached to a freight train, their progress is necessarily very slow. But, as a rule, the emigrants keep good-natured and hopeful, and cheer themselves with the brilliant visions they conjure up before them of the new homes they are going to found in the far West.

One of the miseries to which they are subjected is that of being "switched off" on a side track to make room for freight cars on the train. Sometimes they are compelled to wait for hours before a train comes up to take them on. When this happens at a small way-station remote from a village, the poor people are very apt to suffer. Our illustration, "Switched Off," was sketched from an actual scene. In this case the emigrant party, which included old people, delicate women, and children, were compelled to remain all night exposed to a cold, drenching rain.

In many parts of the great West, where railroads are of recent construction, may still be found many specimens of the old-fashioned log-cabin; and many settlers in new lands put up these easily and cheaply erected buildings as a temporary means of shelter. The village neighbors, glad of an addition to the settlement, give their aid, and in an incredibly short space of time the cabin is ready for occupancy. It may be made not only comfortable but quite tasteful with a little rustic-work about the door and windows.

As soon as the house is ready, the emigrant's first care is to fence in two or three acres of land right about the dwelling for a garden. The neighbors who helped him build his log-cabin are no less ready to assist in laying the fence. The rest of his claim the emigrant will inclose himself, with the assistance of hired labor. In many parts of the West hedges are coming into favor, and these beautiful substitutes for the hideous rail fence will, it is to be hoped, be used every year to a greater extent.

PERSONAL.

ON the 29th of December they had an anniversary in Boston that antedated the "tea-party" by half a century, viz., the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the building of Christ Church—at which several clergymen officiated whose ancestors had been rectors of the parish. The morning sermon was preached by Rev. W. A. DES BRISAY, of New Canaan, Connecticut, a great-grandson of MATTHEW BYLES, the third rector of the church, the Tory who fled with General GAGE when the city was evacuated by the British. In the afternoon the sermon was delivered by the Rev. THEODORE A. EATON, of New York, a son of Dr. ASA EATON, who preached the sermon, as rector of the parish, fifty years ago. In the evening the silver communion service presented to the church by GEORGE II. was placed on the communion-table. The chime of bells in the tower was bought in 1744, and was the first ever hung in America. It cost $2500. GEORGE II. also gave to the church the folio Bible from which the lessons were read. It is one of the few copies now in existence known as the "Vinegar Bible." The rector of the church mentioned the following curious facts: "The 18th of April, 1775, Easter-Tuesday, is a memorable day in the national annals, connecting the history of this church with that of the nation. It was the last day of the rectorship of a clergyman owing allegiance to the King of Great Britain. That evening the sexton of the church, ROBERT NEWMAN, sat quietly in his house, assuming an unconcerned look and manner to avert the suspicions of the British officers who were quartered upon him, but impatiently expecting the arrival of a friend, a sea-captain, who was watching the movements of the regulars. On the other side of the river was PAUL REVERE, waiting for NEWMAN to communicate to him the intention of the English. Mr. NEWMAN succeeded in eluding the vigilance of his unwelcome guests, took down the church keys, and with two large lanterns in his hand, went out, met his friend, heard his intelligence, opened the church door, locked it again after him, and went 'up the wooden stairs with stealthy tread to the belfry chamber overhead.' The lights from this steeple waked the fires of war. If ROBERT NEWMAN'S courage had failed, PAUL REVERE would have looked in vain across the dark waters at the tall steeple on Copp's Hill."

—The Rev. Dr. TODD, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, was once making some inquiries of a gentleman respecting a minister he had formerly known. The reply was that he was considered a very good man, though some of his parishioners thought he traded horses a little oftener than he needed to. The doctor said his case might be similar to that of a Connecticut minister he once heard of, who was accused of whipping his wife. A meeting was called to deal with the old parson; when his wife, having heard of it, went in and told the church she hoped they would not be hard on her husband, as it was all the recreation the poor man had.

—Mr. BAGEHOT, a gentleman who has achieved some distinction as a writer on financial topics, holds this most agreeable theory, namely, that commercial panics are largely mental phenomena, and that they can be allayed by remedies addressed to the imagination—that is to say, by a plentiful supply of money to frightened people by the banks at the first outbreak. That is Mr. BAGEHOT'S nice theory. Let Wall Street remember BAGEHOT next panic, and address the remedy to the imagination.

—Mr. ELLIOTT, the colored member of Congress from the South Carolina district formerly represented by JOHN C. CALHOUN, took the House quite by surprise a few days ago by the pith and power with which he answered a speech of ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS. The scene was an extraordinary one, and far from being discreditable to Mr. ELLIOTT.

—General M'CLELLAN has been receiving from notable people in Paris the greatest courtesy. He was present in the French Assembly during the trial of BAZAINE, and was treated with high consideration. The two Orleans princes who were on his staff during his command of the army have lionized him in the largest possible way in Paris.

—Bishop PIERCE is now fully prepared to call the brethren to order. At a recent convention of the South Georgia Methodists he was presented with a gavel, the head of which was made from a piece of the celebrated Wesley Oak, under which WESLEY preached when a missionary, and the handle of which was made of a piece of one of the benches of Great Bethel Church, in Virginia, where the first battle of the late war was fought.

—JOEL MILLER (a veritable old JOEL) and MARY his wife are the oldest couple in Ohio. He is one hundred, she ninety-six. They dwell near Miller's Mill.

—The London *Times* says: "In the *Life of Archibald Constable*, edited by his son, THOMAS CONSTABLE, we are introduced to the best literary society of the day. CONSTABLE was not only a publisher, but he was himself also a literary amateur and critic of no mean pretensions, and in his correspondence we find him upon terms of intimacy with SCOTT, CAMPBELL, ROGERS, HOGG, and a host of other celebrated men."

—Sir GEORGE JESSEL is about to introduce a reform of the most radical character in the practice of the English Chancery Court. He says that it has too long been the custom in that court to make each side pay its own costs, especially in heavy trials. The result has been an enormous number of appeals. For the future he means to make the losing party, with rare exceptions, pay all costs.

—The new Prime Minister of France, the Duc de Broglie, is described as "a handsome man, but slightly effeminate, natty in dress, honeyed in manner, and addicted to a dulcet quavering method of speech." The dulcet quaver is regarded as good.

—The students in Wells College, Aurora, Cayuga County, New York, have a pleasant way annually of expressing their thanks, felicitations, etc., to Mr. WELLS, the munificent founder. The writer remembers quite well when LIVINGSTON, WELLS, & Co. started the express business, and when the founders themselves were their own messengers, and made their daily trips by rail. Since then they have all become millionaires, and conspicuous for liberality. At the recent anniversary Mr. and Mrs. WELLS received the company at the college. Music and an address by Professor UPSON (late of Hamilton College) entertained them during the evening. The Hons. W. H. BOGART and J. V. L. PRUYN, Regent PIERSON, and other gentlemen were present; among them Colonel MORGAN, whose recent gift of $100,000 has given a new impulse to the institution, both in its work and fame. It is now occupied to nearly its full capacity.

—The CHENEY trouble in Chicago has taken a new phase. The Supreme Court of Illinois has sent a commission to Mr. J. E. WILKINS, a London barrister, to take the evidence of the Bishop of Exeter, Dean STANLEY, and others, upon various points of church history and canon law, as bearing upon the suit between Bishop WHITEHOUSE and Mr. CHENEY. As things have turned out, the contest seems useless. Mr. CHENEY has become a bishop in Bishop CUMMINS'S new church, and, so far as prelacy is concerned, is the peer of the venerable diocesan of Illinois. It may be a very great fight in Illinois, but, to the East'ard, all sorts and conditions of men purse up their mouths and have a little laugh at it.

—The Archbishop of Canterbury is thawing out of the icy conventionalities that hedge around the "Primate of all England." Recently he visited the Jewish college near Ramsgate, built and endowed by Sir JOSEPH MONTEFIORE in memory of his wife. It is an institution for students of Jewish theology and rabbinical literature. After the archbishop had walked through the college, refreshments were served, when he took occasion in graceful terms to propose the health of Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE, to which Dr. LOEWE responded. Thus did the English primate and a prominent Israelite gracefully hobnob.

—Of the many good sentences in Mr. DISRAELI'S famous speech at Glasgow, the following, regarding the claims and conquests of science, may be cited: "How much change, my Lord Provost, has there been in fifty years—a period more remarkable than any, I will venture to say, in the annals of mankind! I am not thinking of the rise and fall of empires, the change of dynasties, the establishment of governments—I am thinking of those revolutions of science which have had much more effect than political causes, which have changed the position and prospects of mankind more than all the conquests, and all the codes, of all the conquerors and all the legislators that ever lived."

—KOSSUTH, more than most men, has experienced the extreme vicissitudes of life. At one time a popular idol, fêted and caressed, the hope of the reformers of Hungary, he is now teaching in Europe the German, English, and Hungarian languages for his bread. His hair is white, his form bent, and his habitation the fourth story of a dingy old dwelling. A very accomplished and eloquent man, but always impracticable. He could have accomplished much but for his inability to get on with other people. He would have *his own way* of having his own way, and—he has had it.

—It was Dr. RALPH BUGBEE, Jun., of Littleton, New Hampshire. He celebrated his fifty-second birthday last month. He had a good deal of BUGBEE about. Among them his three brothers, all physicians—Dr. ABEL BUGBEE, of Derby Line, Vermont; Dr. FRANK BUGBEE, of Willimantic, Connecticut; and Dr. GEORGE R. BUGBEE, of Whitefield—all big bug-bees in medicine. And the venerable father of all these, Dr. RALPH BUGBEE, Sen., of Waterford, Vermont, gazed complacently on the boys, his pulse beating with pride at the spectacle.

—Mr. JOHN R. THOMPSON, father of the late JOHN R. THOMPSON, so well remembered by literary people of New York, died in Virginia on Christmas-day, aged eighty-four. The devotion of the son to the father was very touching. Nothing that could conduce to his mental or physical comfort was withheld, and the constancy and thoughtfulness with which the old gentleman was treated will not soon be forgotten.

—Mrs. General SHERMAN has written a memoir of her father, the late THOMAS EWING, of Ohio, and has done it very gracefully.

—The Emperor of Brazil is one of the few reigning sovereigns who have a genuine love of science and art, and appreciate the labors and the society of men of culture. When AGASSIZ was in Brazil the Emperor was constant in attentions to him, and every morning as he strayed through the market the old negresses crowded "the good professor," showing him their fishes, and glad to receive his gently spoken thanks. When, as the Emperor was hurrying away to the River La Plata to give his attention to the troublesome Paraguayan war, AGASSIZ wrote him a note wishing him success, adding in a postscript, "Don't forget to bring back some fish," Dom PEDRO replied, "I won't forget the fishes, my good friend." Nor did he: the Emperor's fishes are now in the Cambridge Museum.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

AN elaborate paper, presented by General BARNARD to the Smithsonian Institution, on the internal structure of the earth, deduces the following conclusions: that, whereas the analysis of Professor HOPKINS seems to establish that the rotation of the solid crust imparts to the fluid nucleus a motion nearly, if not quite, as rapid as its own, and the fluid thereby acquires a proper rigidity, by which it reacts upon the shell as if it were a solid mass, this pressure tends to preserve the earth's nutation and precession unchanged. If the fluid be heterogeneous, the same rigidity is attained, and the powerful pressure that would be exerted upon the thin rigid shell would probably produce no noticeable changes; while, if the shell be not of a rigidity far surpassing that of the known constituents of the crust, the precessional motion of the earth would, owing to the neutralizing effect of tidal protuberances, be scarcely observable.

The death of Professor DONATI took place on the 20th of September, at his villa, near the observatory at Florence. He had but shortly returned from the Vienna meeting of the International Meteorological Congress when he was seized by a severe attack of Asiatic cholera. He was born at Pisa in 1826, and began his astronomical career at the observatory at Florence in 1852, and in 1864 he succeeded Professor ARNI as director of the observatory. To his exertions is due the establishment of the present observatory, inaugurated a year ago at Arcetri, immortalized as the site of the tower of Galileo. By the excellence of its position, as well as by the convenience and solidity of its construction, this observatory has guaranteed for astronomy and terrestrial physics the most important advantages in every branch of observation. Professor DONATI is well known as a cultivator of that rapidly developing branch of physical astronomy, celestial spectroscopy. A recent valuable memoir by him has been published since his death on the great aurora of the 4th of February, 1872. His name will be familiar to our readers as the discoverer of the famous comet of 1858.

Professor J. D. WHITNEY has published a statement of the progress of the geological survey of California for the years 1872 and 1873, showing a very great result for the very moderate appropriations made by the State for this purpose. The members of the survey have been chiefly occupied in completing the topographical surveys for the series of maps, of which quite a number have been published. Those that have appeared are masterpieces of clearness and artistic merit, and are well worthy of imitation by those who have similar enterprises in charge.

The announcement is made that the series of natural history reports is in a state of as great forwardness as the means at command will permit; and it is hoped that all but the botanical volumes will be printed before the end of the next year, as well as the second part of the ornithology, embracing the water birds. The fossil plants are in the hands of Professor LESQUEREUX, and will constitute the third volume of the paleontological series.

Additional material in reference to the vertebrata and the shells of the State has been brought together, and awaits further appropriations. There yet remain five to seven volumes to complete the reports on the original plan, four volumes already having been published, and taken high rank as standard works.

The unfinished volumes can all be ready for presentation, should appropriations be made, by the 30th of June, 1875.

We greatly regret to see the announcement by Professor WHITNEY that, in consequence of certain arrangements he has made, under no circumstances can he retain his position as State Geologist beyond the 1st of July, 1875. The extent of the State of California, and the complexity and richness of its geology, and the variety of its natural history, to say nothing of its intricate topography, could utilize for several years to come the profound scientific abilities of Professor WHITNEY, who is universally conceded to be one of the very first men of his profession in this country or any other. California may justly be proud of what has already been accomplished in the way of her survey; and should this be completed according to the plan initiated, it will surpass, both in intrinsic merit and in external appearance, the works of any State in the Union.

The Dominion government has established a series of stations for meteorological and storm-signal purposes in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, which are to be put into telegraphic communication with the Signal Service Department in Washington, although the advantages accruing to the provinces will be much greater than to the United States. The proposed stations are, for New Brunswick, at St. John, St. Andrews, Shediac, and Gaspé; in Nova Scotia, at Halifax, Pictou, Yarmouth, Sydney, Cow Bay, and Little Glacé Bay.

The explorations of Professor MARSH during the year 1873 have equaled in importance and fruitfulness those of any previous year, resulting in an immense collection of more or less complete skeletons of fossil mammals, some of them of species previously secured, and others entirely new. At least five tons of specimens were brought in and deposited in the Yale College Museum. The especial feature of the collection consists in the extent and variety of the remains of the fossil horse, rhinoceros, and dinocerata.

The Maryland Academy of Sciences, of Baltimore, has recently been reorganized, and promises to assume a prominent position among sister institutions in the United States. The germ of this society was started in the year 1819 in the form of an association for the promotion of science, and was incorporated on the 16th of February, 1826, as "The American Academy of Science and Literature." In 1834 a building which they had succeeded in obtaining, with the greater part of the library and collections of the society, was destroyed by fire, and all operations were suspended until 1836, when the Academy was again revived. The first and only volume of Transactions was published in 1837. The Academy was dissolved in 1844, and the books and collections were distributed among its members.

On the 7th of May, 1855, the Maryland Historical Society established a Committee on Natural History, and in 1863 the American Academy was again organized by the adoption of a constitution and the election of Mr. TYSON as president. On the 15th of March, 1867, an act of incorporation was obtained, under the title of "Maryland Academy of Sciences." In 1873 the Academy obtained the lease of a lot of ground on Mulberry Street from the University of Maryland, on which is now being erected a commodious building for a museum and hall. The meetings of the Academy are now held regularly, and many interesting communications are presented from time to time. The present president is Professor PHILIP R. UHLER; Rev. JOHN G. MORRIS is vice-president; and the Rev. Dr. EDWIN A. DALRYMPLE corresponding secretary.

The latest sea-serpent story is that of Mr. JAMES M. JOUASS, as communicated to Mr. FRANCIS FRANCIS, the well-known fish-culturist, and published in the London *Field* for the 15th of November. This gentleman is vouched for by Mr. FRANCIS as being a man of science, and not easily duped. The first appearance of the animal was about the middle of September, near Lothbeg, in Scotland, when it was seen by two ladies. The next morning an animal about forty or fifty feet long was seen by Dr. SOUTAR rushing along near the shore, and occasionally raising its head to a height of about four feet above the water. The next day at noon, on a calm sea, Mr. JOUASS saw, through a glass, about half a mile out, a floating object which was certainly part of some sort of beast, dead or basking. It drifted along with the tide, but at no time did it raise itself higher than when first seen. The color was brown and light yellow, the apparent size about eight or ten feet. The cut accompanying the communication in *The Field* shows a not very distant resemblance to some of the sketches heretofore made of the so-called sea-serpent.

According to Mr. EDWARD NEWMAN, in a communication to *The Field*, a fine specimen of the American king-crab, *Limulus polyphemus*, was taken in July last by the Yarmouth trawl boats about eleven miles off the Schelling Light, on the Dutch coast, at least four or five having been taken in all during the summer. Mr. NEWMAN remarks that as long ago as the 26th of April a report appeared that a specimen of this crab had been taken in North Wales, which was rejected by naturalists on account of the extreme improbability that this familiar American animal should be found on the European shores.

The *Athenæum* announces the death of Rev. TEMPLE CHEVALLIER, on the 4th of November, in the eightieth year of his age. This gentleman had been for many years Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy to the University of Durham, and discharged his duties with entire satisfaction. It was during his professorship and his *ex officio* superintendence of the observatory that he appointed Mr. RICHARD CARRINGTON as observer.

Among the explorations of the arctic regions during the year 1873 we find mention in PETERMANN'S *Mittheilungen* of an expedition to Spitzbergen, in July and August, by Dr. RICHARD VON DRASCHE. The voyage was made on the schooner *Polar Star*, Captain SIMONSEN, of twenty-one tons burden, and provided with an iron sheathing to prevent injury from the ice. He left Tromsöe on the 30th of June, and on the 9th of July, in latitude 75° 2', met with the first drift ice, the temperature being 33.5° F. On the 10th he reached the southern point of West Spitzbergen, and there became beset, and was obliged to change his course. He finally arrived in Bell Sound on the 16th of July. Here he met Professor NORDENSKJÖLD, who had made a boat expedition, while his vessel, the *Polhem*, attempted to penetrate to the north again.

In Magdalena Bay the party met with Captain JOHANNESEN, who had just returned from Jan Mayen's Land, reporting an unbroken sheet of ice from Jan Mayen as far as Amsterdam Island. They landed upon Prince Charles Foreland Island, and thence made a boat excursion to Amsterdam Island. Along the whole eastern coast of Amsterdam Island they found large masses of erratic blocks of granite, syenite, and primitive slates, which do not occur *in situ* in Spitzbergen. Von Drasche concludes that the interior of West Spitzbergen is composed of rocks of Plutonic and primitive slate formations, differing from those on the coast. On the 14th of August the party started on their return to Norway, and arrived at Hammerfest on the 27th.

Mr. E. B. Elliott, of the Bureau of Statistics at Washington, advances the theory that the exhibitions of brilliant and marked auroras are connected with the rate at which the earth approaches or recedes from the sun.

Some idea of the extent to which the products of the sea enter into the food consumption of a city may be gathered from a recent report by Mr. C. Ludington, inspector of this class of articles of food for the city of Washington.

According to this account, during the year extending from October 1, 1872, to September 30, 1873, the number of fish sent to the city markets amounted to 852,900 shad, 3,789,800 herring (or alewives), 326,200 Taylor herring, 553,761 bunches of small fish, 496 sturgeon, 448,557 bushels of oysters, 524,000 clams, and 336,000 crabs. The total number of all kinds of fish is estimated at 9,428,581, and as weighing 8,548,851 pounds.

The Torrey Botanical Club of New York has issued a Botanical Directory for North America and the West Indies, founded upon one of similar character published some years ago by the Essex Institute of Salem. This embraces the names of all persons in America known to the club as interested in botany, general and special; the names being first printed in alphabetical sequence, and then re-arranged according to the States to which they belong. Such a work as this can not fail to be extremely useful to students, and the one in question will doubtless be eagerly sought after by botanists.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The Rev. Drs. Storrs, Budington, and Henry Ward Beecher have had a friendly conference with each other in relation to the questions pending between their several churches. Its result was a better understanding of each other's positions, and the expression of a hope that some common ground of principle can be reached which they can all take. There will be no further epistolary correspondence between the churches at present. At the sale of pews in Plymouth Church for 1874, on the evening of January 6, the total sum realized was $59,430; this is $129 over the amount for 1873.

According to Farrington's *Church Almanac*, the Protestant Episcopal Communion in the United States comprises forty-one dioceses and nine missionary jurisdictions, fifty-two bishops, 3095 priests and deacons, 2700 parishes, and 260,000 communicants. The ascertained number of communicants in thirty-eight dioceses and eight missionary jurisdictions is 254,857; the total of 260,000 is estimated. There were in the year 23,515 confirmations, and 20,859 burials. The most populous diocese is that of New York, which has 26,282 communicants; next is Pennsylvania, with 19,109; next Maryland, with 17,055; and the fourth in numbers is Connecticut, with 15,316. The contributions of all kinds are reported at $7,316,149.

Mr. Spurgeon is a man of many projects, and he has the art of succeeding in them all. His training college for preachers is famous, but his Orphanage is not so well known, at least in America. A correspondent of the *Watchman and Reflector*, who visited it in company with Mr. Spurgeon himself, gives a lively account of the great preacher's winning way in the management of his boys. The buildings "are constructed of red and white brick rather fancifully intermingled, which produces somewhat the effect of mosaic. Each house bears the name of the giver of the fund for its endowment. These dwellings are but two stories high, and but one large room in depth. They are built in blocks extending three sides of a square, and each has accommodations for about thirty boys. A matron is in charge of the separate residences, but there are no servants, the boys doing all the work, such as scrubbing, washing dishes, and making beds. There is a laundry connected with the Orphanage, where all the washing and ironing is done by women hired for the purpose. The first floor of the various homes is devoted to the matron's and sitting rooms. In the large, airy sleeping apartments, with two windows in the front and two in the rear, are fourteen single cots, seven on each side. A large hall serves as a common dining-room for all the boys, and as a chapel for Sunday services.

"When we went in the tables were covered with cloths and set with pewter bowls and dishes. The boys gave Mr. Spurgeon three hearty cheers when they saw him coming, and he was so pleasant and bright with them that we were delighted. They hung about him for kind words, which he dropped right and left without the least effort. He talked with them about their games, and asked them what they had for dinner, and his simple and cheery way went straight to their hearts.

"At present there are two hundred and twenty-five boys in this home for orphans, from the ages of six to fourteen. At fourteen, places in shops and opportunities for learning trades are provided for them, and such is the reputation of the institution for good training and thorough education, that these boys are always in demand for desirable situations. This Home is called the Stockwell Orphanage, and originated in the benevolent heart of a lady, who placed twenty thousand pounds in the hands of Mr. Spurgeon for the commencement of the worthy enterprise."

On Sunday, January 4, Bishop Cummins preached in Steinway Hall, and announced the intention of organizing a Reformed Episcopal Church in this city. It is also announced that the Rev. Thomas M'Faddon, of Colorado, has given in his adhesion to the new Church.

The American Catholic pilgrimage to Rome and other sacred places in Europe is still much discussed. Under date of December 2 Archbishop Manning writes assuring the pilgrims a hearty welcome in England. The secretary of the General Committee on Pilgrimages in France has also promised French co-operation. It is proposed that the pilgrims start on the Fourth of July next.

A valuable table of the statistics of Christianity is presented in Professor A. J. Schem's *Statistics of the World* for 1873, just published in New York and London. In North and South America, out of a population of 84,500,000, 47,000,000 are Roman Catholics, and 30,000,000 Protestants. In Europe, out of a population of 301,000,000, 147,000,000 are Roman Catholics, 71,800,000 Protestants, and 70,200,000 adherents of the Greek Church. In Asia, out of a population of 794,000,000, 4,700,000 are Roman Catholics, 1,800,000 Protestants, and 8,500,000 adherents of the Eastern churches. In Africa, out of a population of 192,500,000, 1,100,000 are Roman Catholics, 1,200,000 Protestants, and 3,200,000 adherents of the Eastern Churches. In Australia and Polynesia, out of a population of 4,400,000, 400,000 are Roman Catholics and 1,500,000 Protestants. This gives for the whole world, out of a total population of 1,377,000,000, 201,200,000 Roman Catholics, 106,300,000 Protestants, and 81,900,000 Greek and Eastern Christians. It will be seen that the aggregate of the Protestant and Eastern Church populations is 188,200,000, which effectually disposes of the claim that the Roman Catholic is the Church Universal.

On the 15th of December the much-discussed baldacchino case was decided by Dr. Tristram, the chancellor of the diocese of London. The chancellor held that the proposed ornament did not come within the rubrics, and was not necessary to give dignity to the communion-table. It was not, he said, his province "to give greater dignity and honor to the holy table than the simple dignity prescribed by law." The application for permission to erect the baldacchino was therefore refused.

The priests in Mexico are stirring up insurrection against the government, and instigating the ignorant Indians to massacre Protestants. Recently in the neighborhood of Temascaltepec two gentlemen were murdered. A detachment of troops having been sent to arrest the murderers, Father Giles, a Catholic priest, excited the Indians to an armed resistance, saying that if they wished to save themselves it was necessary to kill the Protestants. The Indians were defeated, and Giles was arrested, and, it is said, will be executed. In the city of Toluca, about forty-five miles from the capital, a placard was posted up urging the people to "give death, a death of extermination, to the sect of accursed wretches who attempt to overthrow the Apostolic Roman Catholic religion." A Protestant by the name of Valero was waylaid at Matepa, beaten, and left for dead. President Lerdo has taken vigorous measures to suppress such outrages. On the other hand, several of the bishops have threatened with excommunication all who attempt to enforce the new laws.

A remarkable case of clerical non-residence is mentioned in an English paper. The parish church of the town of Docking, in West Norfolk, has been without a resident vicar for one hundred years. In all that time the incumbents have collected the revenues of the parish, and have had the work done by curates for a pittance. Upon the recent death of the last vicar his curate very properly succeeded to the living.

Among the novelties of mission work is a public controversy recently held in the island of Ceylon between a Buddhist and a Christian missionary. Over four thousand persons were present. The Buddhist priests have also taken the field as lecturers.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey, of Chicago, whose successful labors at Newcastle, England, have been noticed in this Intelligence, are now conducting equally successful meetings in Edinburgh. Their first service was held November 22, in the Music Hall, the largest place of Assembly in the city, which was densely crowded. From that time daily evening services have been held, and a noonday prayer-meeting. At the latter a thousand persons are in attendance.

The method of taking ecclesiastical proceedings against Bishop Cummins, and the measures already adopted, are thus described by the *Episcopalian* of Philadelphia:

"On Friday, the 5th of December, the Presiding Bishop selected the Board of Inquiry into the charges preferred against Dr. Cummins, in the form prescribed by Canon 9. The choice of the board was determined by lot. Two presbyters and two laymen were chosen from Kentucky from the list of clerical and lay deputies to the last General Convention, and the like number from each of the respective deputations of Ohio, Indiana, and Tennessee, the three dioceses adjoining that of the accused. The following is the complete list of the Board of Inquiry for conducting the preliminary investigation, as determined by lot:

"Kentucky.—*Clerical:* The Rev. James Craik, D.D., and the Rev. William H. Platt. *Lay:* Messrs. William Cornwall and Samuel B. Churchill.

"Ohio.—*Clerical:* The Rev. John Ufford, D.D., and the Rev. Lewis Burton, D.D. *Lay:* Messrs. John W. Andrews and Augustus H. Moss.

"Indiana.—*Clerical:* The Rev. Benjamin Franklin, D.D., and the Rev. George J. Magill. *Lay:* Messrs. John S. Irwin, M.D., and William H. Morrison.

"Tennessee.—*Clerical:* The Rev. John A. Harrison, D.D., and the Rev. James Carmichael. *Lay:* Messrs. George R. Fairbanks and John F. Jett.

"These sixteen gentlemen will constitute the Board of Inquiry, and a majority will form a quorum for doing business. Their place of meeting is required by the canon to be in Kentucky; and it is made the duty of the Presiding Bishop to designate both the place and the time of meeting. The board will organize by the choice of a president and secretary, and also appoint a Church Advocate, who must be a lay communicant, of the profession of the law. In case the board should determine that there is sufficient ground to put Dr. Cummins upon his trial, a formal presentment is to be prepared by the Church Advocate, and signed by such of the board as agree thereto. The presentment will be transmitted to the Presiding Bishop, notice thereof given to the accused, and a court formed for his trial by drawing eleven names by lot, which eleven names shall be afterward reduced to seven by each side striking off two alternately. In case of the non-appearance and contumacy of the accused, at the expiration of three months the court may pronounce sentence of suspension or degradation from the ministry."

The Baptists are making progress in Sweden. During 1872 they received by baptism 890 members, making a total for all Sweden of 9336. Eight thousand six hundred and eighty-four children are taught in Sunday-schools. There are two Baptist churches in Stockholm, one of which numbers 500 members.

A new Protestant church, in the erection of which the venerable M. Guizot has taken an active part, will soon be opened in the Avenue de la Grande Armée, Paris. It is expected that M. De Pressensé will perform the opening service. The edifice will cost $40,000, and will seat 1000 persons.

Church affairs in the city of Pernambuco, Brazil, have come to a dead-lock. The Freemasons will not abandon their order; the priests will not perform service in the churches unless they do. The churches have, in consequence, been closed, and the government stipend has been withdrawn from the priests.

Bishop Reinkens has made a temperate and yet pungent reply to the last Encyclical of Pope Pius. Some of his retorts are very keen. We have space for but one:

"Pius IX. says, without further reference, that the bishop of the Old Catholics 'calls down upon his head the condemnation of Jesus Christ as a thief and a robber, because he does not enter by the door, but by another way.' This refers to John, x. 1–18. There Jesus describes himself as the door, and also as the Good Shepherd. The Apostle Paul, as he himself says in Galations, i. and ii., had been called to the apostolic office by Jesus, and not by Peter, and no one has hitherto ever dreamed of asserting that Paul was 'like a thief and a robber.'"

The bishop points out the inconsistencies of the Pope by historical references which it will not be easy to set aside.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The vital statistics for the year 1873 show a considerable diminution in the mortality in New York city during the past year as compared with that in 1872. Twenty-nine thousand and fifty-nine is indeed a large number of deaths, but that is nearly 3600 less than the number in 1872. A few isolated facts will be of general interest to our readers. Small-pox carried off 929 persons in 1872; last year only 118. The victims of cerebro-spinal fever numbered 782 in 1872; last year the mortality was reduced to 284. Whooping-cough shows a diminution from 565 to 268; and deaths from sun-stroke were only 34 last year—few as compared with the 320 of the previous year. Diphtheria, however, has been much more prevalent in our city, the deaths being 1139, while only 446 in 1872. It is a sad fact that during the last year there were 14,112 deaths among children under five years of age, of which number no less than 8832 were not one year old. These figures give matter for most careful thought and consideration on the part of parents, as well as physicians and health officers. It is worthy of note that 117 persons have been killed during the past year by vehicles in the streets. When we attempt to cross Broadway or some other crowded thoroughfare on a busy day we may wonder that the number killed in the streets is not ten times larger than that, yet 117 lives deserve much consideration. There have been killed by falls 256 persons, 154 have been drowned, and 102 died from burns or scalds. During 1873 there were in this city 40 deaths of persons aged ninety years, 33 whose ages varied from ninety to ninety-five, and 5 who had attained the age of one hundred years. The vital statistics of 1872 record the names of nine persons who were one hundred years or over at the time of death in this city.

Of all the various devices in use for the prevention of fraudulent alterations of checks, bills of exchange, certificates of deposit, letters of credit, bonds, and legal papers containing evidences of value, none may claim the perfection of the National Safety Paper, of which Messrs. Campbell, Hall, & Co., of this city, are the sole manufacturers under letters patent. The style of the paper is entirely new, and neat and attractive to the eye. The surface only is tinted during the process of manufacture with a combination of writing inks, and is so sensitive that any attempt to remove the writing by erasure or by chemical agents will destroy the tint, and at once expose the effort at fraud. Millions of checks and drafts have been written upon the new paper without a single instance of deception, and every possible test has been applied by bankers, chemists, and experts, with the most satisfactory results. When every body uses it we shall hear no more of "raising" checks, or making erasures in papers of value.

More than half a century ago fantastic names, many of them unrefined and offensive to modern taste, were common in Paris, as descriptive of different shades of colors. "Mud-of-Paris," "Wonderful Lamp," "Toad-in-Love," "Suppressed Sighs," and "Scared Mouse" are examples of these names. Nowadays the novel names given to new shades may be puzzling enough to the uninitiated, but they are certainly far more tasteful, such as "Ashes-of-Roses," "London Smoke," "Moolight-on-the-Water."

In a recent lecture on "Caricaturing," delivered before an immense audience in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Mr. Thomas Nast remarked that he was often requested by different persons to draw a caricature of them. But a caricature was rarely pleasing to the subject of it, who seldom could take any joke of which he was the point. In general he would laugh when he first saw the picture, say it was very funny, but then gravely remark, "But you don't mean that for *me*? I don't see the slightest resemblance—not a bit!" Toward the close of the lecture Mr. Nast, turning his eyes toward one of the front seats, said, "I wish to draw a historical picture, and I wish one gentleman in the audience would request me to draw his caricature." Assent was manifestly given, and the lecturer sketched in an off-hand manner an exaggerated portrait of Mr. Beecher, from a small photograph which he held in one hand, while the subject of it shook with laughter. The artist then speedily developed a small caricature of himself in the lower corner of the same sheet of paper. Pointing to the picture of Mr. Beecher, he said, "From the sublime"—then pointing to his own—"to the ridiculous!" In the midst of the mirth of the audience, Mr. Beecher rose, and with mock-gravity said, "Perhaps some here think you mean *me* by that picture, but I don't see the slightest resemblance!"—a remark which sent the entire audience into long-continued bursts of laughter and applause.

During the three days before Christmas twenty express wagons from the mammoth retail store of A. T. Stewart & Co., of this city, delivered over twenty thousand packages of purchases. This does not indicate that there was much less shopping going on this year than usual, notwithstanding the times.

The Swedes and Norwegians are very dissimilar nations to be under one government. The Swedes are progressive, the Norwegians conservative. Sweden is ready to advance with the rest of the world, while Norway clings to old things and old ways. Norway is not without its railways, but they go at a tediously slow pace, and most of the travel is by carriages and post-horses, at the good old rate of six or seven miles an hour. But Sweden is much in advance of her neighbor; the people are industrious, contriving, and mechanical. The Swedes who have emigrated to America have been remarkably successful; but there is much lamentation over this constant emigration, and the results of the lack of laborers at home in consequence of it. But still the story of prosperity in America goes back over the waters.

In 1864 one Mr. James Robbins, an Englishman, died, leaving a will in which he declared "that in the event of my dear wife not complying with my request to wear a widow's cap after my decease, and in the event of her marrying again, then, and in both such cases, the annuity shall be £20 per annum, and not £30." Quite different was the feeling of Mr. Edward Concanen, whose will was proved four years afterward, and in which he says, "And I hereby bind my said wife that she do not after my decease offend artistic taste, or blazon the sacred feelings of her sweet and gentle nature, by the exhibition of a widow's cap."

Cabbage leaves, according to a recent article in a French medical journal, have proved of special value in disease. The leaf possesses the property of exciting suppuration in ulcers and pustules, and has thus an indirectly curative property, which, however, is thought not to consist in any principle which the leaf yields for absorption, but rather in an affinity which the leaf has for the vitiated secretions. The cure of an ulcer by these leaves, however wide-spread and long-standing it may be, is without danger, and relapse is very rare.

Are Pullman palace cars to be packed, by order of the railroad companies, after the fashion of street cars? Then farewell to all real comfort in traveling; wedding tours and pleasure excursions will rapidly diminish in number, for there are many persons who, without being aristocratic, are sensitive and fastidious. Such will not, except by necessity, endure the promiscuous and disagreeable crowding together which is inevitable where cars are packed to their utmost capacity. They will prefer to forego sight-seeing, and dwell as much as possible under their "own vine and fig-tree."

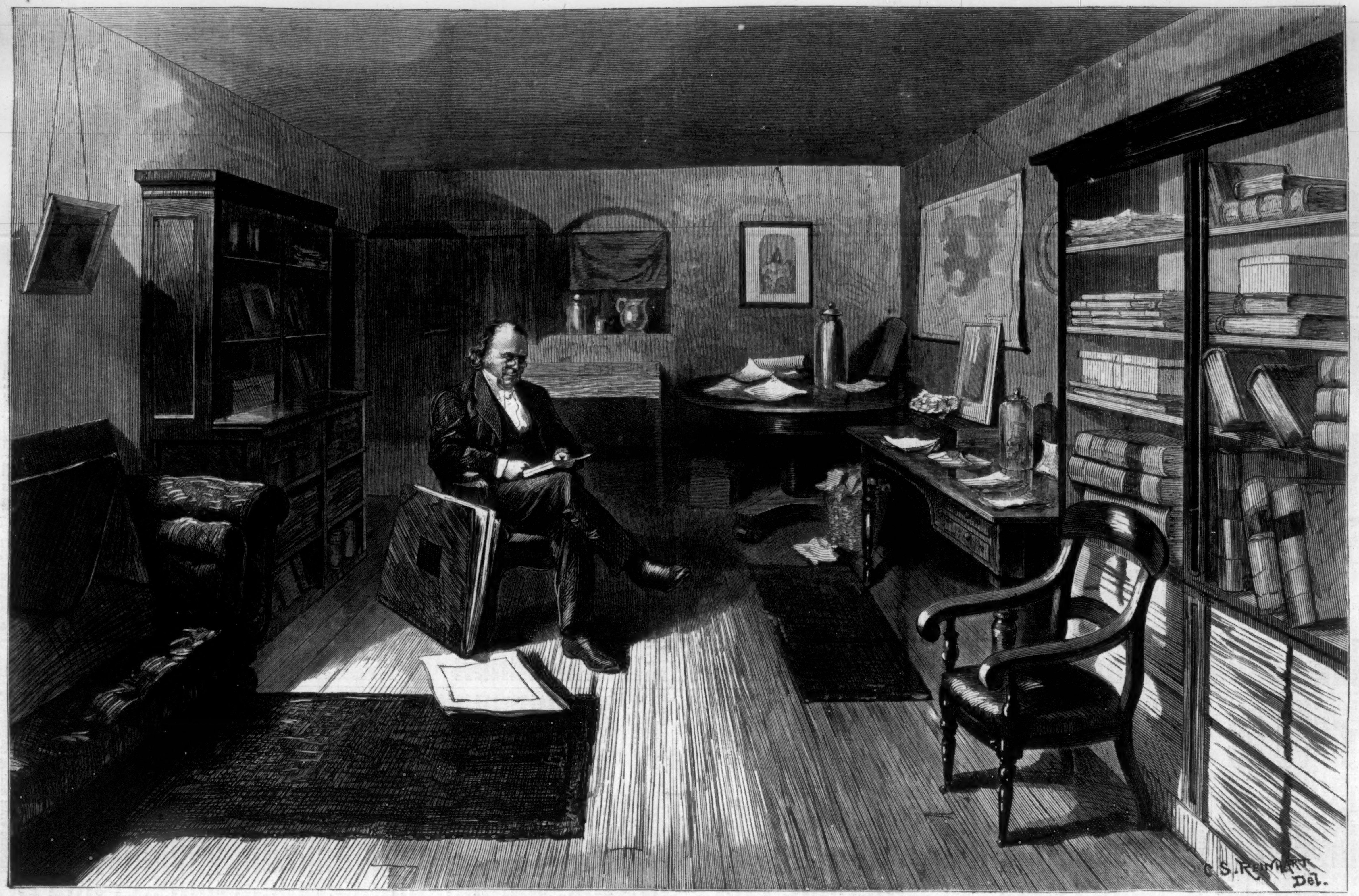
The Ohio Agricultural and Mechanical College, which was opened early in the fall, is now in successful operation. The languages are taught, as well as practical science. Tuition is eight dollars a term, or twenty-four dollars a year. No additional charges are made, except for materials used in the laboratories. Board is reasonable in the vicinity—about five dollars a week.

San Francisco proposes to eclipse the rest of the world by erecting a hotel covering a space of 92,000 feet. The edifice is designed to be six stories high, and to accommodate 1200 guests. Water will be supplied by two Artesian wells, ice will be manufactured in the basement of the hotel, and gas for the establishment will be made in the rear of the building. All the rooms in the hotel are to be lighted directly from the open air, and the ventilation will be complete in every respect. Each suit of rooms is to be thoroughly supplied with all desirable conveniences and comforts. It is thought by residents of San Francisco that as their climate is mild and healthful, thousands of invalids will be induced by the accommodations offered in such a hotel to pass many months in that locality.

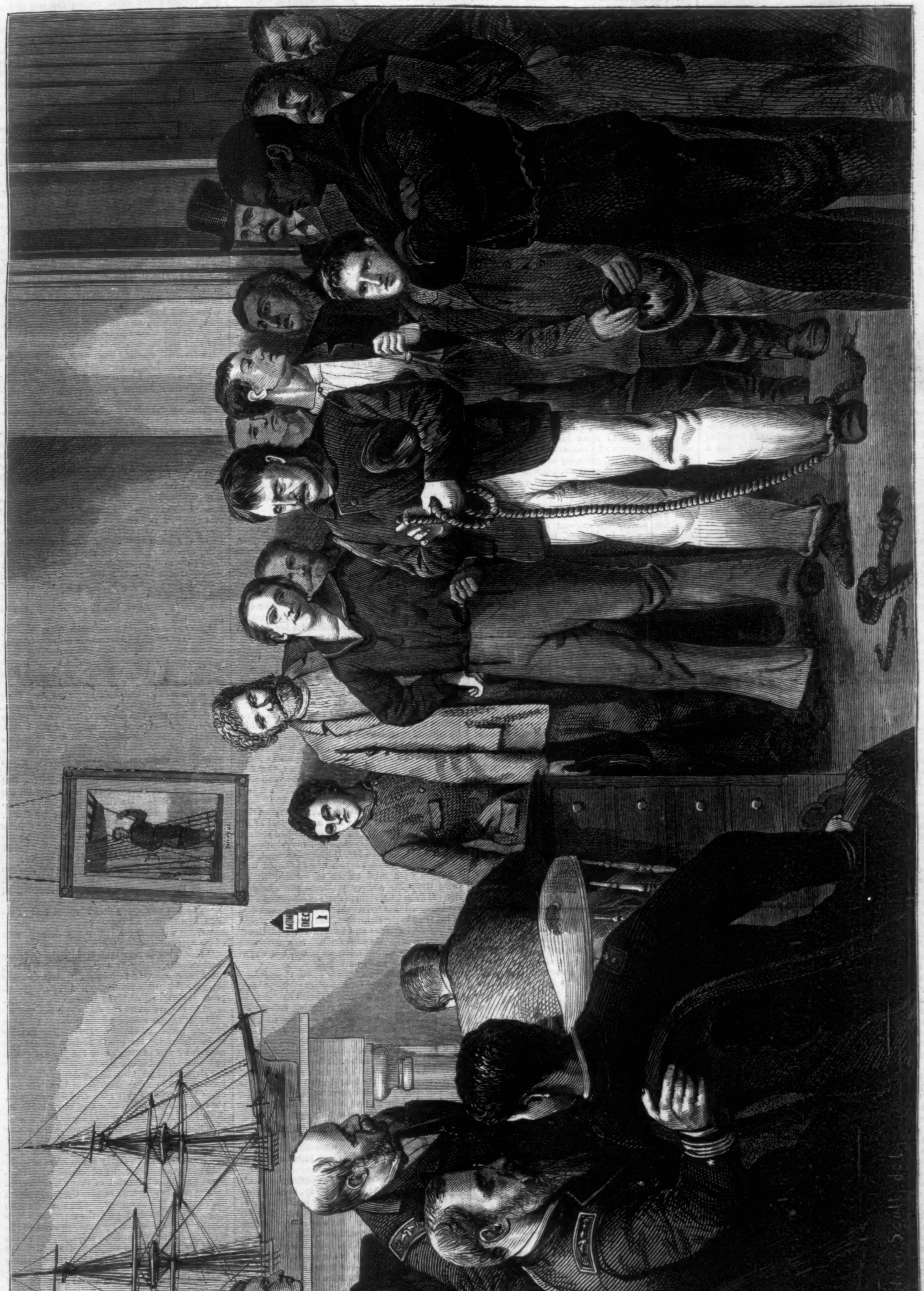
Canning fruit has become an extensive industry. The peach-packing establishments are chiefly in Maryland and Delaware, and there were about 12,000,000 cans packed last year. The Eastern States, New York, New Jersey, and Maryland furnish most of the canned tomatoes, 18,000,000 cans having been put up from last year's crop. From 6,000,000 to 8,000,000 cans of corn have been packed. Maine furnishes the best corn, where also are situated the largest lobster establishments. Oysters are put up in great quantities along the Chesapeake. Pine-apples are largely canned at Nassau, Bahama Islands. In fact, almost any kind of fruit or vegetable may now be obtained for table use in the winter season so canned as to preserve very perfectly the natural fresh flavor.

The French Cross of the Legion of Honor has been conferred upon four women—Rosa Bonheur, the painter; Madame Dubar, superior of the Convent of the Sœurs de l'Espérance at Nancy; Lady Pigott, for her devotedness to the wounded during the Franco-Prussian war; and Mlle. Bertha Rocher, of Havre, for founding a hospital.

Polish convicts in Siberia sustain an excellent reputation, with very few exceptions. In general the exiled Poles are settlers, and, as such, instead of being condemned to hard labor, they are free to do as they like, so long as they remain in the locality to which they are assigned. There are very few of them who do not become useful, industrious members of society. Almost every one learns some trade, and seeks to become skillful in it. "Polish work" in Siberia means superior workmanship. Recently a proposition has been made that those among them whose conduct has been satisfactory should be allowed to go back to their native country, provided they can return at their own expense, find the means of subsistence at home, and the head of the administration of their native district has no objection to their return.


C. S. Reinhart, Del.

AGASSIZ IN HIS STUDIO.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. SONREL.—[SEE PAGE 82.]



EXAMINING RECRUITS FOR THE NAVY—A KNOTTY PROBLEM.—Drawn by Julian Scott.—[See Page 82.]

IN THE BARN.

I hie me to the dear old barn,
So rich with harvest store,
And hiding in the fragrant hay,
Where none may hear the words I say,
Repeat them o'er and o'er.

My heart was ne'er so glad, I think,
As now it seems to be;
For still his words they haunt mine ears:
"I've loved you, darling, many years;
Have you no love for me?"

Ah! if he knew how much! But then
The truth I would not tell.
'Tis woman's privilege to tease,
E'en where she careth most to please,
And I—I love him well!

My voice is tuned to joyous song;
The old barn-swallows fly
In sheer amaze from out their nest,
Afraid of such a noisy guest,
And soar away on high.

Oh, naughty birds! ye have betrayed
My hiding-place; for see!
My lover comes with merry eyes,
And in my sudden, glad surprise,
Has won the truth from me.

RECRUITING FOR THE NAVY.

The recent difficulty with Spain, growing out of the seizure of the *Virginius* upon the high seas, gave a great impetus to the work of recruiting for the navy in most of our sea-board cities. Our illustration on page 81 represents a group of hardy sailors, anxious to serve their country, undergoing the usual examination before a board of naval officers to test their competency in some of the practical details of seamanship. The man in the foreground handling a rope looks intelligent, but evidently has a knotty problem to solve.

THE LATE PROFESSOR LOUIS AGASSIZ.

Few events during the year 1873 have created a more profound impression in the United States than the decease of Professor Louis Agassiz, and no death since that of President Lincoln in 1865 has elicited such heart-felt expressions of sorrow. Detailed obituary notices have appeared in almost all the newspapers, and the scientific societies of the country have in many cases held special meetings for the purpose of passing resolutions in regard to the sad event.

Although a native of Europe, Professor Agassiz has been a resident of the United States more than a quarter of a century, and during that time has done more to create an interest in natural science, and to bring about the establishment of means for its promotion, than any one individual.

Professor Agassiz was born in the parish of Mottier, near Lake Neuchâtel, Switzerland, in May, 1807, and at a very early age developed a taste for scientific pursuits. His studies were prosecuted at the colleges of Lausanne and Zurich, as well as at the universities of Heidelberg and Munich.

His earliest special work was that upon the fishes of Brazil, as collected by Von Martius. Next to this came *The Natural History of the Fresh-water Fishes of Europe*, which, as far as published, had special reference to the *Salmonidæ*, and upon which it is still a principal authority. He was best known, however, during his residence in Europe in connection with his researches upon the fossil fishes, and those upon the characteristics and conditions of the glaciers of Switzerland and other countries, and the detection of traces of past glacial action in different portions of Europe. Other important works published in Europe are the *Memoirs on the Casts of Mollusks*, the *Monographs of Echinoderms*, the *Nomenclator Zoologicus*, and the *Bibliographia Zoologiæ*.

In 1846 Professor Agassiz visited the United States, at the expense of the King of Prussia, for the purpose, primarily, of making himself familiar with the natural history and geology of the country, and also to deliver a course of lectures at the Lowell Institute, Boston. On his arrival in this country he found so rich a field for scientific inquiry that he concluded to remain permanently, and in 1848 accepted an invitation to become a member of Harvard University. Shortly after this he proceeded on a tour to Lake Superior with some of his students, the results of which are embodied in an octavo volume, entitled *Lake Superior: its Physical Character, Vegetation, and Animals, compared with those of other and similar Regions.*

One of the earliest papers published by him in the United States was "The Classification of Insects from Embryonical Data," printed by the Smithsonian Institution, in its *Contributions to Knowledge*, in 1850. His most voluminous work was entitled *Contributions to the Natural History of the United States*, of which four quarto volumes have appeared, devoted principally to the turtles and radiates. *The Principles of Zoology*, prepared conjointly with Dr. A. A. Gould, of Boston, was for a long time used as a text-book in the schools of the United States. The Proceedings of the societies and associations in Boston and elsewhere, and the volumes of the *American Journal of Science*, and other scientific and literary serials, contain numerous articles of greater or less magnitude from his pen. He also furnished important contributions to various works by other authors, as to Nott-Gliddon's *Types of Mankind*, etc.

In 1865 Professor Agassiz made a visit to Brazil, at the expense of Mr. Nathaniel Thayer, an account of which was published in a handsome volume in 1867. In November, 1871, he started on a voyage round Cape Horn in the United States Coast Survey steamer *Hassler*, reaching California in the summer of 1872.

During the whole period of his residence in this country Professor Agassiz was diligently occupied in collecting materials with which to enrich what he was determined should be the most complete and best appointed museum of natural history in the world, and at the time of his death he had measurably accomplished his purpose. Numerous expeditions were made by him for the purpose of gathering zoological objects, and collectors were dispatched to or engaged in various portions of the world with the same intention. These, with spontaneous contributions from all directions, brought a continued influx of material to Cambridge. The expedition to Brazil, and that around Cape Horn in the *Hassler*, were greatly productive; to such an extent, indeed, as to require a considerable time yet to come before the material can all be properly assorted.

The intensity of Professor Agassiz's labors had naturally the effect of injuring his health, and for some years past his physicians have insisted upon a relaxation; but so powerful were the temptations that it was almost impossible to prevent his going beyond his strength. His voyages to Brazil and around Cape Horn to California were of eminent service to him, and his friends had strong hopes for the future; but it is probable that the labors consequent upon the establishment of the Penikese Summer School of Natural History had a great influence in the final breaking down of his health. The history of this last enterprise it is unnecessary to detail, as it has occupied a large share of public attention during the last year.

Much restored by a short vacation spent at the White Mountains, on his return to Cambridge he entered upon his duties connected with the Museum of Comparative Zoology with renewed zeal; and, probably in consequence of exposure in this connection, he was taken ill, and died at 10.15 p.m., Sunday, December 14, at the age of sixty-seven, universally lamented.

One special point to be considered in connection with Professor Agassiz's scientific career was not merely the amount of work accomplished directly by himself, but the extent to which he influenced others in the same direction. His very presence seemed to develop in the most unpromising a sympathy for his pursuits, while those in whom similar tastes existed already were strengthened in their zeal by meeting him.

He was in constant receipt of communications from all parts of the country in reference to matters of science or curiosity, and however inappropriate to his specialties, an appeal to "Professor Agassiz" was supposed to be all that was necessary to settle any question. This, of course, drew upon him a great deal of labor in the way of correspondence, which must have been extremely burdensome.

The School of Natural History which was established by him in connection with Harvard College had a great influence upon the scientific development of the country, and a large number of his pupils are now exercising the function of teachers elsewhere, or either are or have been engaged in important original investigations. Among those who may be especially mentioned in this connection are Professor A. E. Verrill, of Yale College, Dr. William Stimpson, Professor A. Hyatt, Professor N. S. Shaler, Mr. F. W. Putnam, Mr. J. A. Allen, Colonel Theodore Lyman, his son Alexander Agassiz, Professor Henry James Clark, Dr. Charles Girard, and others.

The great range of Professor Agassiz's studies and acquirements, embracing nearly every department of science, enabled him to appreciate most thoroughly their mutual bearings; and it was seldom, indeed, that in any scientific gathering a communication was made on any subject which he was not able to discuss and to illumine, and in many instances to establish important generalizations from facts which had previously seemed isolated and of no special meaning. With all this, however, he was extremely modest in regard to his own acquirements, and was accustomed to say that all he felt he could claim, as constituting any special merit on his part, was the generalization that the successive appearance of life in geological times is essentially represented and illustrated by the successive changes of embryological development at the present day.

Any account of the scientific as well as the personal history of Professor Agassiz is incomplete that does not mention Mrs. Agassiz. To her especially does the world owe the publication of his essays, lectures, and many special works, which in most instances were written out and in large part prepared for publication by her. The companion of all his journeys, she was ever by his side to take down from his lips the utterances of the master mind, and, by her thorough sympathy in all his pursuits, and her great business and social qualifications, able to relieve him from many duties that would have wasted time belonging to the world at large, at the same time warding off with sleepless vigilance aught that might tend to injure his health. It is not too much to say that, but for her, Professor Agassiz would have broken down years ago instead of recovering a fair measure of health after various attacks of illness, to the surprise of all his friends. A ready writer of charming English, she was able to edit her husband's works with consummate ability, while also earning an independent reputation from her own accomplishments as a naturalist and author.

Our illustration on page 80 will be of special interest to our readers, as it shows the room where Professor Agassiz passed much of his time in the patient scientific investigations which have shed such lustre on his name. The great man is represented seated at his table in the attitude so familiar to his intimate friends, surrounded by his books and apparatus. The engraving is from a sketch of his studio in the Museum at Cambridge, made expressly for *Harper's Weekly*, and is faithful in all its details to the actual scene.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Lovels of Arden," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"SO FAIR A FORM LODGED NOT A MIND SO ILL."

Sylvia had been married six months. February, the weariest month in a cold, cheerless winter, was dragging slowly to its dismal end. Bitter gusts of northeast wind shook the casements of Perriam Place. The leafless trees in the long avenue tossed their ragged branches as in the writhings of despair, as if they ejaculated hopelessly, "When is warmer weather coming?" "When are we going to bud?" Only the cedars stood up, grimly stern, and defied the northeaster.

Very dreary had been that long winter to Lady Perriam. After the half dozen dinner-parties given in her honor at the Manor Houses, Granges, and Towers within fifteen miles of Perriam Place, there had been no further gayety of any kind. Even her solitary airings in the yellow chariot had been curtailed by the inclemency of the weather: there had been nothing for her to do but walk about the spacious old house, with its vast, empty, useless rooms, and speculate what it might have been under a different master.

"If fortune had given Edmund and me such a house, with Sir Aubrey's wealth, how delightful we would have made it! We could have filled these dismal corridors with pleasant people, and made that vault-like dining-room brilliant with light and fire, and bright eyes and jewels and splendid dresses. Every day would have brought some new pleasure."

This was the drift of Sylvia's fancies very often as she paced the long music-room—which knew not the sound of music—on wet afternoons, when there was not one gleam of brightness in the leaden sky, hardly a glimmer of hope in her own life.

She had thought to taste all the pleasures of the world as Sir Aubrey's wife. With the baronet newly subjugated, and at her feet, it had seemed such an easy thing to rule him. She had hoped for a slave, and she had found a master; a stricter master than her father, for beneath his sway she had been able to do pretty much as she pleased, so long as she administered to all his wants, and gave him a well-cooked dinner. With Sir Aubrey for her master, she had her own way in hardly any thing.

He was not unkind to her, and that made her bondage seem all the worse. She had no ground for complaint. Against that smooth tyranny rebellion was almost impossible. He forbade this, he advised that, but he was always suavity itself. He narrowed her life into so small a circle that a squirrel in a cage might have known as much of liberty. Friends or acquaintance she had none; for the county people who had been willing to take her by the hand had all fallen away, receiving no encouragement to be civil.

That severe winter tried Sir Aubrey's somewhat feeble constitution. He had a good deal of illness, and the stately gentleman who had seemed such a model of old-fashioned gallantry that warm summer afternoon in Mr. Hopling's orchard, was restless, fretful, and peevish when afflicted with influenza or a mild attack of bronchitis. At these times Sir Aubrey preferred the ministrations of Jean Chapelain to those of his young wife, yet expected that Sylvia should spend a good deal of her time in the sick-room, and liked her to read the political articles and foreign correspondence in the *Times* for his edification. She performed all her duties with a tolerable grace, but weariness was in her heart nevertheless.

But if Sir Aubrey's society was at times a burden almost too heavy for impatient youth to bear, Mordred Perriam's dullness was still harder to be endured. He was a more fatiguing companion than his brother, inasmuch as he talked a great deal more. He was fond of talking, and the chief deprivation of his life hitherto had been the lack of listeners. He found Sylvia courteously attentive to his discourse. She did not wish to be rude to her husband's brother; and he at once seized upon her as the long-desired listener. He had just sense enough to perceive her intelligence, and he told himself that his dryasdust discourse would expand and improve her mind.

"You are not like ordinary young women, my dear," he said, when Sylvia confessed her desire to learn Latin, and to know something of the classic writers. "You can take an interest in great subjects."

Day after day, evening after evening, he twaddled on in the same dull, dry way, shedding no ray of light from his own intellect upon the pages he pored over, and whose contents it was his delight to recapitulate. He was always finding little bits in his daily studies which he thought would interest her, and the little bits were usually the dullest passages in the prosings of some third-rate philosopher—the tritest axioms of morality, inflated into importance by grandiloquent language.

When the baronet was confined to his room, which happened often during that doleful winter, Mordred Perriam and Sylvia took their meal *tête-à-tête* in the gloomy dining-room. The mild old bookworm would even desert his beloved kitchen-garden to take his constitutional in Sylvia's company, shambling up and down the Italian garden, never ceasing from that even flow of prosiness. There were moments when Lady Perriam was wicked enough to wish him a sharer in that tranquil silence which ruled among the rest of his race in that hallowed ground below the terrace.

Mordred's health was very little better than his brother's, but being a person of secondary importance, the household took less notice of his ailments. He grumbled a little about himself from time to time; complained of pains here and twitches there; now pointed to his chest, and now to his head; but received little more attention from any one than if he had been some piece of household machinery slightly out of order.

"I know I shall die suddenly when my time comes," he said one day to Lady Perriam. "It may be many years hence—"

"I dare say it will," returned Sylvia, with an involuntary sigh.

"Or it may be much sooner than any one expects; but I feel a conviction that I shall go off without a moment's warning. There are a great many cases on record of men who had a prevision as to the manner of their death. I have my prevision. So many twitches and spasms as I suffer must have some significance. It may be that my heart is wrong, or the seat of disease may be in the brain. When you consider the delicate functions which the spinal marrow has to perform in relation to the cerebral matter, you can hardly wonder that the brain is apt to get out of order. When you look at the heart as a complicated pumping apparatus which is never permitted to rest, and not subject to repair, you can not wonder that the machinery is liable to collapse. I have received warning from both directions, and I am prepared for the worst."

"Mere fancy, I dare say, Mr. Perriam," said Sylvia, with the serenity that springs from indifference.

"No, my dear, it is not fancy. But I am prepared for the worst. I have made my will."

"Indeed," murmured Sylvia, with a shade more interest. She thought it just possible that Mordred intended to reward her endurance of his dullness by the bequest of his worldly substance.

"Yes. I bequeathed my library—nearly five thousand volumes of solid and instructive literature—to the Mechanics' Institute in Monkhampton. I also bequeathed my estate, now yielding two hundred per annum, but likely to improve with the lapse of years, to trustees for the benefit of the same institution. They will build a wing for the reception of the books; they will from time to time, as funds accrue, collect other books, always of a like character. They will furthermore employ a librarian for the care of the aforesaid books and any further collection, as heretofore mentioned, at a salary of fifty pounds per annum."

Mordred was quoting verbatim from the will, a document which he kept in his own possession, and perused frequently with enjoyment.

"I have sometimes thought," he added, graciously, "that such a situation would suit a man of studious habits like your father."

Christmas had been in no wise different from other seasons at Perriam. There was some customary dole given to the poor, but this was done unobtrusively through the hands of the housekeeper, so that the blessings of the recipients reached not Sir Aubrey's ears. Christmas-day seemed an extra Sunday in the week, and that was all.

It was now two months after Christmas, and Sir Aubrey had been more or less ailing all the time. The Monkhampton surgeon who attended him declared there was no cause for alarm. The severe weather had been trying, Sir Aubrey was a little out of sorts, and so on, but with the coming of spring he would doubtless be himself again. Lady Perriam must not feel uneasy.

This Mr. Stimpson, the surgeon, an elderly man who enjoyed high repute in Monkhampton, said to Lady Perriam herself, in a cheery, confidential tone.

"There is no danger, then?" asked Lady Perriam, in a thoughtful tone.

"None whatever; a temporary derangement of the system, nothing more."

"I am glad to hear that," said Sylvia, almost mechanically. "I have sometimes thought that Sir Aubrey must be seriously ill. His memory seems to fail him a little now and then. He repeats things two or three times, and does not seem to know that he has said them before."

Mr. Stimpson looked a little grave at this, but speedily recovered himself. It is a doctor's duty to be cheerful. He brings to bear an amiable gayety, by way of contrast to the gloom of sick-beds and incurable diseases.

Sylvia sat alone, absorbed in deepest thought, for some time after the doctor had left her. Sometimes, out of this illness of Sir Aubrey's, piercing the doleful shadows of the sick-room, there had arisen, pale with distance, the star of an unholy hope. What if the end were nearer than she had ever deemed possible? What if her husband were doomed to die ere very long, and leave her free to marry Edmund Standen?

In her young life Death had been as yet a stranger. She could not think of that dreadful presence as calmly as some to whom the fatal visitant has grown a familiar guest. She thought, with a shudder, of the dark gulf, the mysterious, impenetrable grave, which lay between her and liberty. Sir Aubrey had been a tyrant, but at the worst an unconscious despot. He had never been intentionally unkind. He had tried to shape the young bright life to fit his own dull even existence, had stifled all the natural aspirations of joy-loving youth, had made Sylvia's days a burden to her; yet, after his own fashion, he had been kind. It seemed almost impossible that she should wish for his death.

"I do not wish him dead," she said to herself, when that possible release presented itself like a hope, "but, if he dies, I shall win my love back again—my first and only love. I will make him forgive me, though I have sinned against him so deeply. I will make him trust me again, although I have been so false. I know that I have power to win him back."

CHAPTER XXXV.

STRICKEN DOWN.

In the first day of March Sir Aubrey left his room. He was now pronounced well enough to spend a few hours in the saloon daily, and even to take a short drive in the yellow chariot on a sunny day, when the wind was in a genial quarter.

He was very glad to avail himself of these privileges, and made haste to abandon his invalid habits, dressed himself as carefully as ever, and re-appeared with that gracious and patrician aspect which made him look like one of Vandyck's portraits in modern costume.

He thanked Sylvia courteously for her attention to him during his illness, and was kinder than usual to her, forbearing to criticise her conduct in trifles, and to lecture.

"My dear," he said, "I have given you no present since I put my mother's diamond keeper upon your finger. It belonged to her mother's mother, you know, and has a higher value from association than from the worth of the stones, which are of the purest water, but small."

Sylvia gave a little regretful sigh. She had once supposed that diamond hoop to be the forerunner of a shower of gifts, plenteous as that golden rain which descended on Danae.

"I have not given you jewels, Sylvia, partly because I do not care to see a woman bedizened with precious stones, but more because I do not wish to be associated in your mind with rich gifts. When I am dead and gone, you will be rich—rich enough to be the match for some adventurer, should you be so foolish as to marry again."

Hereupon Sir Aubrey opened an oval morocco case, in which reposed on black velvet a necklace of single diamonds, each as large as a prize pea. The silver setting was so light as to be hardly visible. The necklace seemed a circlet of liquid light.

Sylvia's eyes sparkled; she gave a gasp of mingled surprise and delight.

"How lovely!" she exclaimed.

"It is yours, my love," answered the baronet, in his placid way. "I bought that necklace for a duke's daughter, but death stole my promised bride; I give it now to my true and kind wife."

Lady Perriam, not easily melted, burst into a flood of tears.

"God keep me true to you, in thought as in deed," she cried, passionately. "But I am not worthy of your kindness."

"You have been my patient nurse, my faithful companion," answered Sir Aubrey, gently. "Dry your tears, my dear. A diamond necklace is not a thing to cry about."

"I am very proud of your gift; it is more splendid than any thing I ever dreamed of. But it is your kindness that touches me," said Sylvia.

She remembered how mean she had thought him because he had doled her out a small allowance of pocket-money; how she had ascribed the dreariness of her life to his desire to save expenditure; and, behold, he threw a gift worth ever so many thousands of pounds into her lap as carelessly as if it had been a handful of summer blossoms!

"When shall I wear these diamonds?" she asked herself—or rather inquired of Destiny—as she clasped the necklace around her throat before the glass in her dressing-room. "Perhaps, if Sir Aubrey is inclined to be indulgent, he will take me to London this year, and let me see the world. It is hard to have wealth and jewels and a title and youth and good looks, and yet to be buried alive at Perriam Place."

The next day was the brightest of the new year, but Sir Aubrey protested against the yellow chariot when Mr. Stimpson, who was still in attendance, recommended a quiet drive.

"I detest being shut up in a coach," he said. "I'd rather take a little walk in the garden with Lady Perriam."

"So be it, then," replied the doctor, who wished to make his regimen agreeable to so profitable a patient. "I don't know that a walk mightn't be better than a drive. Only be sure you don't fatigue yourself. Just a gentle stroll up and down that delightful terrace, with Lady Perriam's arm for a support."

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when Sir Aubrey and his wife went out for this promenade. A bright, tranquil, spring-like afternoon, only the gentlest west wind faintly stirring the evergreens, a calm blue sky, with fleecy clouds and a gentle sunshine upon the landscape. There had been much rain lately, and the pastures looked emerald bright against the dark arable lands, while here and there the first tinge of green showed faintly on the southward-fronting hedge-rows.

"A beautiful world, my dear!" said Sir Aubrey, as he surveyed the varied prospect. "I have seen a good deal of it, but I have found nothing so good as Perriam."

"Perriam is very nice," replied Sylvia, meekly; "but you will show me a little more of the world some day, won't you, Sir Aubrey?"

"Yes, my love, we will travel a little more by-and-by, when I am stronger. I wish your life to be happy. I fear you have had rather a dull winter: but then happily you are not used to society."

"No," answered Sylvia; "perhaps that's why I long for it more than other people."

"True; the unknown is ever delightful. You remember what Pope says: 'Man never is, but always to be blessed.'"

"I hate Pope," replied Sylvia, impatiently, upon which Sir Aubrey gave her a brief lecture on the folly of hating a poet whose philosophy is as correct as his versification is brilliant.

The effort appeared to exhaust him, for he drooped a little on his second perambulation of the terrace.

"I am not so strong as I fancied myself this morning," he said; "I feel a little shaky in spite of the support of your arm. I'll go back to the house after this walk."

They lingered a little for Sir Aubrey to rest on the spot where they had stood when he asked Sylvia to be his wife. Sir Aubrey looked down at the little green church-yard with a dreamy gaze. The very spirit of tranquillity pervaded the scene. The gray old church tower, with its quaint corbels and water-spouts and varied tints of moss and lichen, stood out clearly defined against the clear cold sky. Death wore its softest aspect in that placid valley.

Mild as the atmosphere was, the invalid shivered.

"I'll go in-doors, my love," he said; "I am not strong enough for walking yet."

They went back to the house, Sir Aubrey leaning a little on Sylvia's arm, and sighing once or twice during the journey, as if it were rather a troublesome business. The invalid returned to his easy-chair by the fire in the saloon, where Sylvia gave him his book—a volume of the *Spectator*—whose leaves he turned listlessly now and then, reading a page here and there, and smiling faintly at the familiar passages. She arranged the little table by his chair, on which he kept a book or two, the day's newspapers, and a glass of weak sherry and water, and then prepared to take her place on the opposite side of the hearth, where it was her wont to beguile the slow hours with fancy-work. Novels and, indeed, modern light literature of all kinds Sir Aubrey set his face against: thus woman's favorite amusement was, in a manner, forbidden to Lady Perriam.

But the baronet begged his wife to enjoy the afternoon sunshine. "Finish your walk, my dear," he said, graciously; "you can come back to me when you are tired of the terrace. I am always glad to have you near me, but you have been too long a prisoner."

Sylvia obeyed. She was very tired of that spacious saloon, with its unchanging splendor—chairs and tables always in the same positions—no variety, no look of life or movement. She was glad to be alone with her own thoughts, which of late had taken shapes that disturbed and perplexed her. Sir Aubrey's unsettled health gave rise to agitating conjectures. She knew very well that there was guilt in many of these meditations, these visions of a possible future; but she had never acquired the habit of ruling her own thoughts; she let them drift as they would, and the image which oftenest filled her mind was the image of one whom it was the first duty of her life to forget.

She walked to and fro for about an hour, and was beginning to think of returning to her post by the fireside, and her duties of nurse and comforter, when she heard a distant step on the gravel-walk, firm, light, and quick—a step that reminded her of Edmund Standen's. She knew that the step could hardly be his; Mr. Standen's presence in that place scarcely came within the limits of the possible; yet the sound set her heart beating vehemently, so weak was that undisciplined heart.

She walked toward the other end of the terrace, and saw the well-known figure of Mr. Bain, the lawyer. He had been away from Monkhampton for nearly a month, in the south of France with his ailing wife, whom the doctors had ordered to the shores of the Mediterranean as her sole chance of surviving the severe winter. Difficult as it was for Shadrach Bain to leave business, he had performed his duty as a husband, escorted his wife to Cannes, and staid with her until her health had been in some measure re-established. Monkhampton had been loud in his praises for this domestic loyalty, though some among his clients had grumbled a little at the loss of their astute adviser.

It had been no small relief to Sylvia to escape the searching gaze of those keen eyes. From the very beginning of her acquaintance with Shadrach Bain, Sylvia had felt that here was a man who was in the habit of looking deeper than the surface of things, and that she had need to guard her secret thoughts against his watchfulness. He had always been courteous to her—nay, had evinced the most profound respect by his every word and action. Yet, knowing no more of him than that he was a good man of business and a trusted agent of Sir Aubrey's, she felt an undefinable fear of his influence—or, in a word, she fancied that he knew her.

He approached her with his usual grave politeness—not ceremonious, but gravely respectful.

"Good-afternoon, Lady Perriam. I have just been with Sir Aubrey. He has been kind enough to ask me to stay to dinner—and as the dew is falling, he suggested that I should request you to come in-doors."

"There is no dew yet a while," answered Sylvia, somewhat impatiently. Sir Aubrey had a tiresome way of ordering her about through the medium of Mr. Bain. "I shall walk a little longer."

"May I be your companion during that time?" asked Mr. Bain.

"I have no objection," replied Sylvia, coldly. She would have given a great deal to keep Mr. Bain forever out-side the gates of Perriam—yet subservient as he appeared, she felt that he was just the kind of man to make her pay dearly for any thing like incivility.

"Your permission sounds almost like an interdict," said the agent, "yet I will venture to remain. Sir Aubrey must have been very ill while I was in France?"

"Not worse than he has been several times this winter."

"Indeed! Yet I see so marked a change in him! I don't know how to describe it, but it struck me at the first glance, and I was pained to perceive it."

"Do you think he is dangerously ill?" asked Sylvia, turning upon him with a quick, bright light in her eyes.

"No, Lady Perriam. I do not think there is much danger of your being left a widow yet a while," answered Mr. Bain, with inscrutable gravity.

"You really frightened me with your talk about a change in Sir Aubrey. I can see no change myself, and Mr. Stimpson says he is improving daily—that there is nothing wanted but the warm weather to make him quite well and strong again."

"I am glad Mr. Stimpson is so hopeful. The change which struck me so painfully was perhaps more in Sir Aubrey's manner than his appearance: there was an altered tone, a feebler manner, an indecision about every thing he said. I was talking to him nearly an hour about business, and I had plenty of time to observe him. In a word, he is not the man I left less than a month ago."

Sylvia was silent. She remembered her own discovery of Sir Aubrey's uncertain memory—that almost childish habit of repeating his speeches. Did death come thus, in this slow decline of the faculties? Sir Aubrey was by no means an old man. It was not time for memory to grow dim, for sight to fail, for hearing to grow faint.

"Let us go back to the house," said Lady Perriam. "If once Sir Aubrey gets that idea of dew into his head, he will fidget himself till I am in-doors."

"You have reason to be proud of such thoughtfulness on his part," remarked Mr. Bain.

"Yes, it's very kind—but rather tiresome," returned Sylvia, who was more candid with Mr. Bain in trifles than with other people, having that inward conviction that he could see through small artifices.

She went back to the saloon before going up stairs to dress for dinner—went back dutifully to see if her husband had any further need of her attendance. Though there had been still a soft gray light in the Italian garden, here in the saloon reigned deepest dusk, so much of the waning day was excluded by the ample draperies of those seven tall windows. The seven windows looked white and wan in the twilight, like seven tall ghosts. The fire had burned low, and only shed its ruddy glow in the region of the hearth.

Lady Perriam stood by the door looking in, Mr. Bain standing just behind her. Sir Aubrey sat with his arm hanging loosely across the arm of the chair, his head lying back against the cushions, an open book at his feet. He had fallen asleep, no doubt.

"I won't disturb him," said Sylvia. "Mr. Stimpson said rest was of great importance."

"I think I'd better replenish the fire," suggested Mr. Bain. "It will go out directly if it isn't attended to."

He went softly toward the hearth, Sylvia still waiting near the door to see if that replenishing of the fire would awaken Sir Aubrey.

Mr. Bain knelt down and put a couple of dry logs gently on the ashes. The dry wood began to sputter and crackle immediately. An ornamental brass screen, wide and tall, guarded the invalid from those flying sparks of burning wood.

The recumbent figure never stirred. The agent, still on his knees, looked round at his employer. The dry log burst into a sudden blaze, which lighted all the room, and shone full upon Sir Aubrey's face. One quick, startled look at that face, and the agent sprang to his feet, and pulled the bell-rope. A bell rang in the distant offices with a loud shrill peal that sounded through the house. The agent bent over that motionless figure, loosened the neckcloth, raised the head, all quietly enough, Lady Perriam looking on all the while with unutterable terror in her colorless face. She had rushed to the hearth when Mr. Bain rang the bell.

"Do you think he is dead?" she asked, in an awful whisper.

"No; I can feel the beating of his heart. Send a messenger to Mr. Stimpson on the fastest horse in the stables," continued Mr. Bain to the servant who appeared in answer to that loud summons. "If Mr. Stimpson is out when he gets to Monkhampton, let him fetch Dr. Cardross; if he's out, let him go on to Mr. Byfield. He must ride for his life, mind, and not lose a minute in getting off. And let another messenger—John Bates, he is a sharp fellow—go to Dr. Tapsall, of Hedingham. Sir Aubrey has an attack—I fear paralysis. Tell some one to fetch Chapelain."

Chapelain, the valet, had heard that shrill peal of the bell, and was by his master's side before the other servant had left the room. There was no time lost. Mr. Bain and the valet laid Sir Aubrey on a sofa, in the most comfortable position they could place him in, and this done, there was little more to do than wait the coming of medical aid. Perriam Place stood midway between Monkhampton and Hedingham. Either way the messenger would have three miles to ride, the doctor three miles to come.

"There's no hope of any body being here under an hour," said Mr. Bain, who had been wonderfully self-possessed throughout.

Lady Perriam sat like a statue, and was hardly less white than the sculptor's veinless marble. Her eyes alone moved, and they kept wandering restlessly from yonder prostrate form upon the sofa to the anxious faces of the agent and the valet.

"Is there any danger?" she asked, always referring to that one, last, awful hazard of death. She had wished her husband dead, but the wish had been but a vague thought. She shrank appalled from the realization of that half-formed desire. There is something peculiarly awful in a wicked wish being gratified almost as soon as it is formed. It is like the direct interposition of Satan.

"A first attack is rarely fatal," answered Mr. Bain, as calmly as if he had been a physician of long practice. "There is every reason to hope that Sir Aubrey may be quite restored in a few days. But it is rather alarming while it lasts."

"Alarming!" echoed Lady Perriam. "It is horrible. Is he quite insensible, do you think?"

"I am not sure. He seems half asleep. I'm afraid this arm is paralyzed, it hangs so helplessly."

"And is so cold," said the valet, who was on his knees by the sofa, chafing the lifeless hand.

The dreary hour of waiting wore on, Sylvia sitting silent and unobtrusive, Mr. Bain and the valet doing what little they could, yet afraid to do much lest they should do the wrong thing. The ticking of the clock on the chimney-piece had an awful sound in that mournful stillness. The wood ashes fell lightly on the hearth. Sir Aubrey's troubled breathing was painfully audible.

By-and-by, after half an hour's waiting, which had seemed half a day to the watchers, they were startled by feeble, half articulated sounds. They came from the pale lips of Sir Aubrey, who was striving painfully for speech.

When he did speak, after that laborious effort, his voice was dull and hollow. So might Lazarus have spoken when he came out of the cavern at his Master's bidding. To Sylvia those strange tones sounded like the voice of the re-arisen dead.

"Have I been asleep?" asked Sir Aubrey, in imperfectly formed syllables, as if in awful mockery of the child's first efforts to shape the words he hears from others.

"Yes, Sir Aubrey."

"Very long?"

"For some time."

The dim gray eyes looked wonderingly about.

"Why, is it dark already? Why don't they light the lamps?"

"We thought this subdued light was better for you, Sir Aubrey."

"Better for me! I'm not an invalid—I don't mean to be an invalid any more," mumbled the baronet, always with the same effort, the same uncertain articulation.

They did their best to prevent his talking much or exciting himself; but, in trying to raise himself presently, he discovered that one side of his body was powerless.

"What is this?" he asked, more distinctly than he had spoken before, as if an awful fear gave force to his accents. "I can't move; I've lost the use of one side. What does it mean?"

Neither the agent nor the valet answered this anxious question. They looked at each other doubtfully. The valet murmured some soothing speech in his own tongue.

"I know what it means," said Sir Aubrey; "it is paralysis, the one disease I have dreaded ever since I saw my grandfather wheeled about Perriam in a Bath-chair, with his head hanging on one side, when I was a little boy. And yet I hardly thought it would seize me. I thought Mordred might be stricken; he has always been a weak, ailing creature. I never thought I should be the one."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Clergymen frequently administer personal rebukes from the pulpit. The best we can remember was that of an Irish curate whose Christian name was Joseph. He had been promised a living by a member of the great Butler family previous to his coming to the title and the estates. The promise was not redeemed, and on the first opportunity the curate had of preaching before the powerful nobleman he selected for his text the conclusion of the fortieth chapter of Genesis: "Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgat him." The Irish Joseph speedily obtained the gift of a valuable living.

What throat is the best for a singer to reach high notes with?—A soar throat.

"John," said a clergyman to his man, "you should become a teetotaler; you have been drinking again to-day." "Do you ever take a drop yoursel', meenister?" "Yes, John; but you must look at your circumstances and mine." "Verra true, Sir," says John; "but can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were kept so clean?" "No, John, I can not tell you that." "Weel, Sir, it was just because every one kept his ain door clean."

Why is a dandy like a venison steak?—Because he's a bit of a buck.

Cowper's celebrated line, "England, with all thy faults, I love thee still," was thus parodied by a whisky-loving Irishman: "Ireland, with all thy faults, I love *thy still*."

When is a ship like a railroad track?—When the cargo's on it.

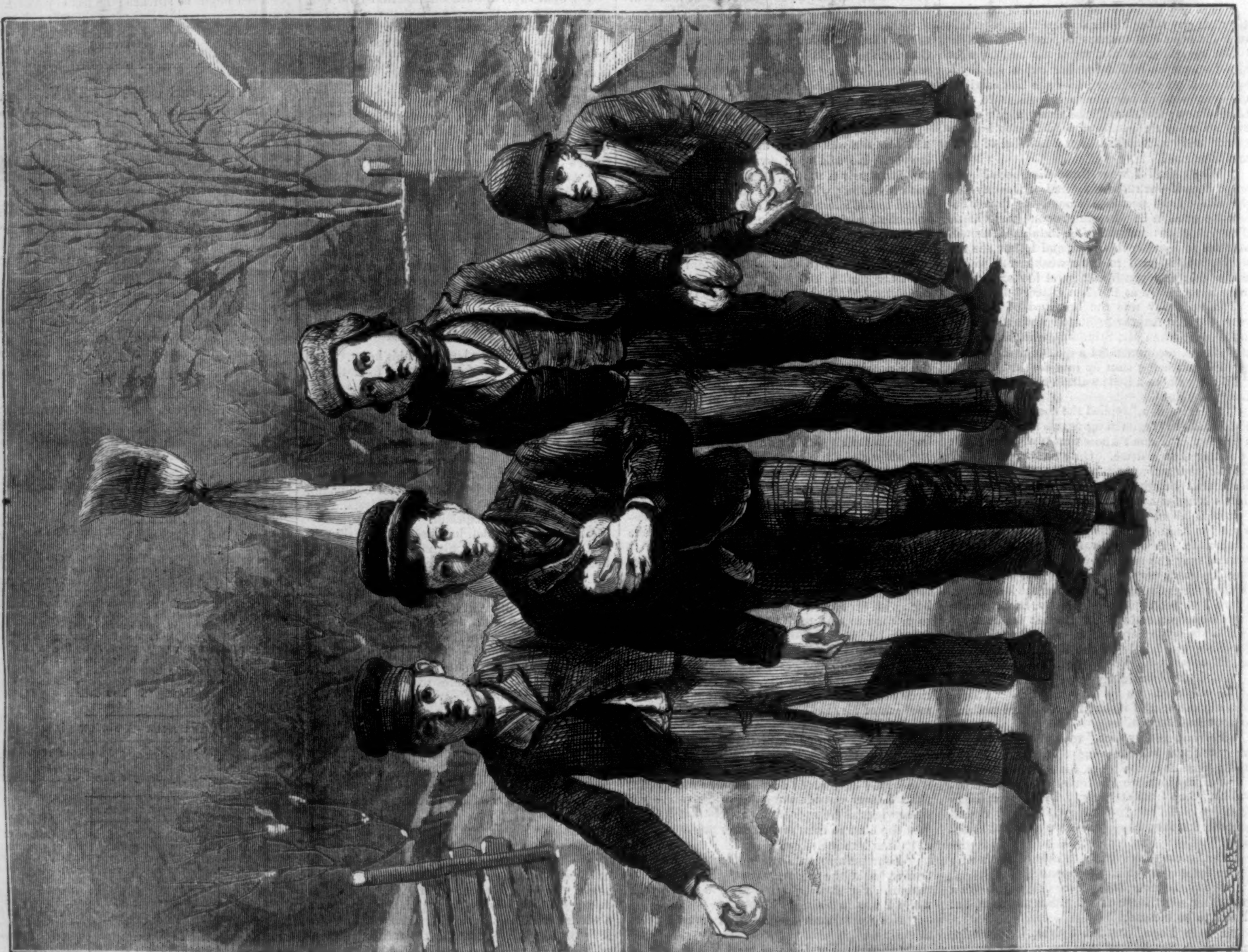
Farmer Downs was out in his orchard the other day, and was taken all aback by seeing his bull rushing down upon him full tilt. The farmer took to his heels, for there was no time to pause and reason the matter with the beast, who had never made such an onset on any body before. On the good man ran, or flew, to reach the fence, but the enemy in his rear caught him on his horns as he reached it, and gave him a toss that plumped him into the dirt on the other side. The bull was mad with rage at having placed a barrier between him and his prey, and tore up the earth with his horns and hoofs. Old Downs rose from the ground, and, turning upon his foe, cried out, "Oh, you rascal, you needn't stand there bowing and scraping and making apologies. You done it o' purpose; you know you did!"

A Poser for an Oculist—A window blind.

That was a very singular mistake made by Digg at a wedding, who, when introduced to the bride, wished that she might enjoy many returns of the present happy occasion.

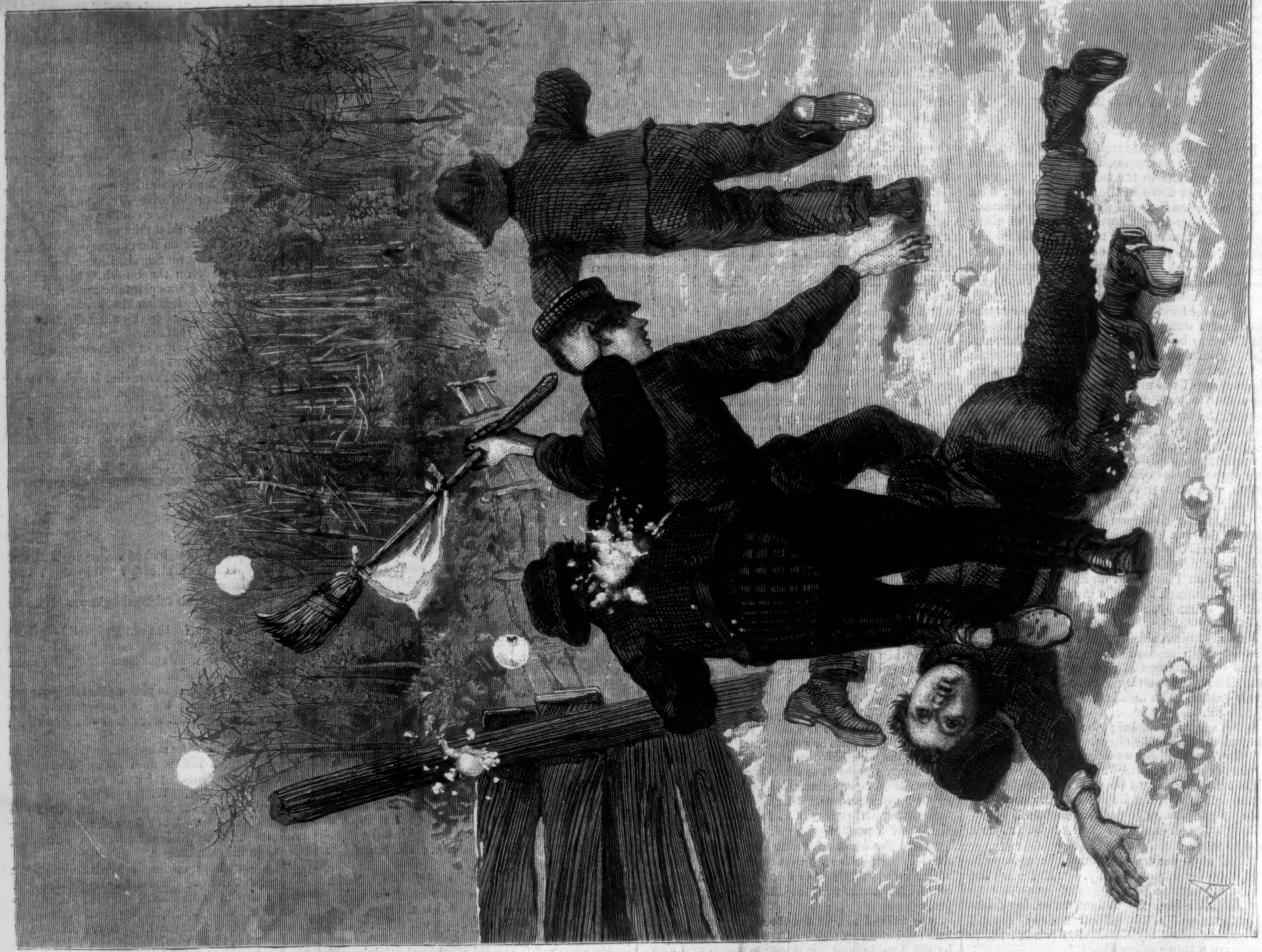
Best Size for a Man—Exercise.

Captain Gronow, speaking of Dr. Goodall, says: "This gentleman was proverbially fond of punning. About the same time that he was made Provost of Eton he received also a stall at Windsor. A young lady of his acquaintance, while congratulating him on his elevation, and requesting him to give the young ladies of Eton and Windsor a ball during the vacation, happened to touch his wig with her fan, and caused the powder to fly about. Upon which the doctor exclaimed, 'My dear, you see you can get the powder out of the canon, but not the ball.'"



ADVANCING TO STORM THE SNOW FORT.

WINTER SPORTS.



BEATING A MASTERLY RETREAT.

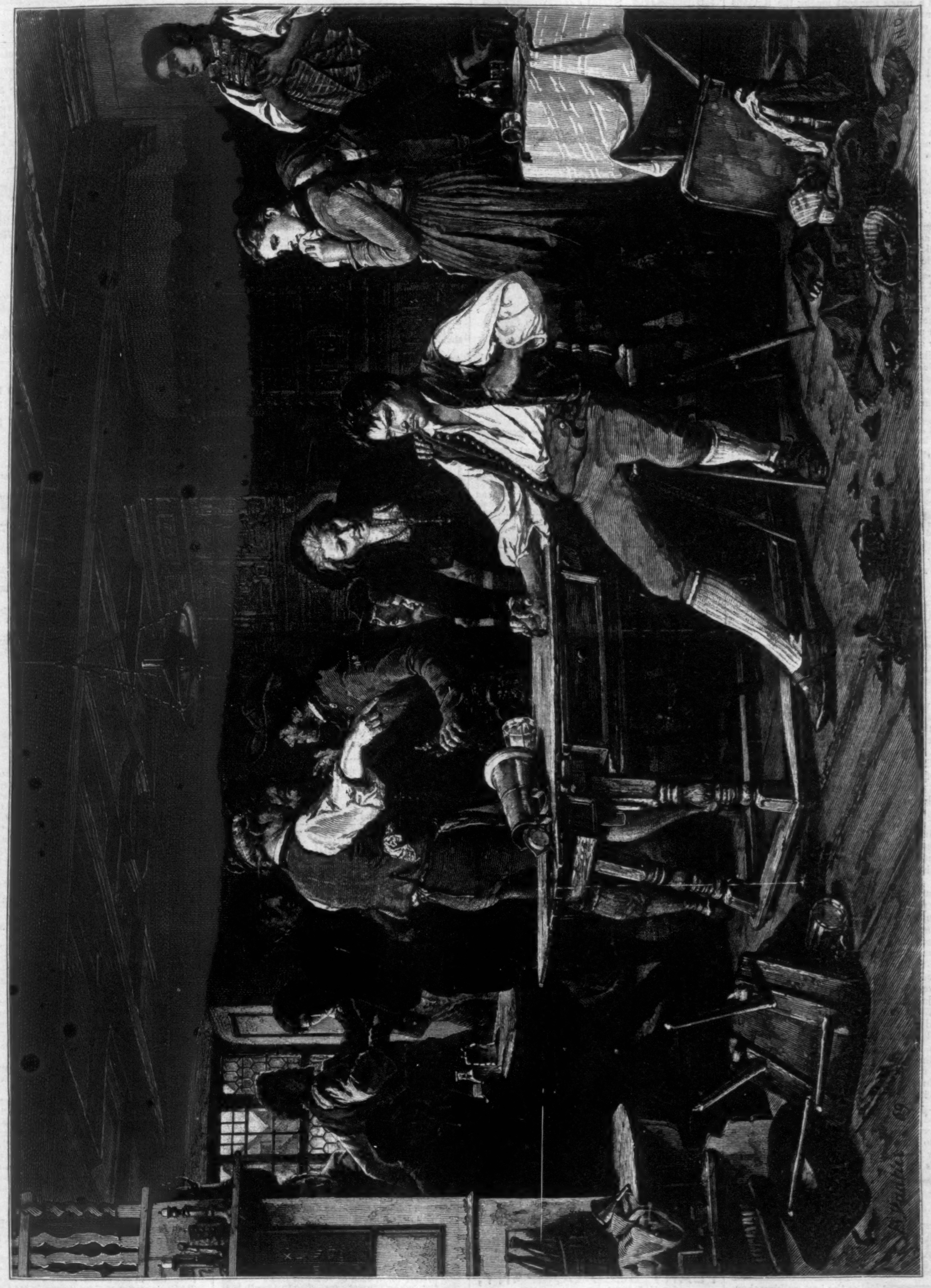
"A ROW IN A CABARET."

The painting of which we give an engraving on this page was exhibited at the Exposition des Beaux Arts at Paris in 1869, where it excited a great deal of admiration, not only with the public, but among artists. It is one of the chief works of M. Vautier, of the Munich school, which has given so many celebrated artists to the world. This painter is a master of the art of composition, possessing rare and graphic power.

In this picture we see that two stout young fellows have been having a row together in a cabaret, or drinking saloon, and a guardian of the peace has been called in to quell the disturbance. He is listening while the landlord and one of the guests, both talking at once, try to make him acquainted with the merits of the quarrel. One of the young men sits quietly at the table, while his mother, a placid and serene old peasant woman, lays her hand on his clinched fist and tries to calm him down. His antagonist, who appears to be the more turbulent of the two, is forced into the background by his comrades. He is evidently talking loudly, and by no means disinclined to resume the fight.

The other characters in the picture are also delineated with masterly power. There is the stolid old fellow at the table who does not care what happens if his bottle and glass are left undisturbed. Nearly in front of him stands a cautious old soaker, who takes his bottle carefully under his arm, lest it should be broken should the quarrel be renewed. On the right we see a group of young girls anxiously regarding the scene. The one with the handkerchief on her lips may be the sister or sweetheart of the young peasant at whose elbow she is standing.

The general disorder of the room, the overturned chairs and broken crockery, show that the struggle was severe and earnest. But apparently no blood was shed. A slight scratch on the forehead of the seated lad, and a rent in his velvet jacket, comprise the list of personal injuries.



"A ROW IN A CABARET."

CURIOUS CUSTOMS AMONG THE WELSH.

Many strange religious customs formerly existed among the Welsh, which, as the age grew enlightened, gradually fell into disuse. Some of these were merely local, others extended through the whole country. Perhaps those which were expressive of their hatred of vice, or which had a charitable end, might as well have been retained, notwithstanding a touch of folly that was often to be perceived in them. In church, at the name of the devil, a universal spitting would seize the congregation, as if in contempt of that evil spirit; and whenever Judas was mentioned, they expressed their abhorrence of him by smiting their breasts.

Previous to a funeral it was customary, when a corpse was brought out of the house and laid upon the bier, for the next of kin, either widow, mother, sister, or daughter (for it must be a woman), to give, over the coffin, a number of white loaves in a large dish, and sometimes a cheese containing a piece of money, to certain poor persons. When that is done all present kneel down, and the minister says the Lord's Prayer, after which they proceed with the corpse, and at every cross-road between the house and the church they lay down the bier, kneel, and again repeat the Lord's Prayer, and do the same when they first enter the church-yard. It was also customary in many places to sing psalms on the way, by which the stillness of rural life was often broken into in a manner conducive to religious reflection. The bier was carried by the next of kin, a custom considered as the highest respect that filial piety can pay to the deceased. This was a usage frequent among the Romans of high rank; and it was thought a great continuance of the good fortune which had attended Metellus Macedonicus through his life that after his death he was carried to the funeral pile on the shoulders of his four sons, each one of whom had held the highest offices of the commonwealth.

Among the Welsh it was considered fortunate for the deceased if it should rain while they were carrying him to church, that his bier might be wet with the dew of heaven.

In some places it was a custom for the friends of the dead to kneel and say the Lord's Prayer over the grave for several Sundays after the interment, and then to dress the grave with flowers.

On the eve of St. John the Baptist it was usual to place over the doors sprigs of St. John's wort, or instead the common mug-wort. This was to purify the house from evil spirits, in like manner as the Druids were wont to do with vervain, which still bears with the Welsh the significant title of Corsgan Gythral, or the demon's aversion.

About three o'clock in the morning of Christmas-day most of the parishioners assembled in church, and, after prayers and a sermon, continued there singing psalms and hymns with great devotion until daybreak; and if through age or infirmity any were disabled from attending, they never failed to have prayers at home and carols on our Saviour's nativity. This act of devotion was called Plygan, or crowing of the cock. It was a general belief among the superstitious, that instantly,

> "at his warning,
> Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
> Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
> To his confine."

During the holy season the cock was supposed to exert his power throughout the night, from which undoubtedly originated the Welsh word Plygan, as applied to this custom. Shakspeare finely describes this old opinion:

> "Some say that ever, 'gainst that season comes
> Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
> The bird of dawning singeth all night long,
> And then they say no spirit walks abroad;
> The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike;
> No fairy takes; no witch hath power to charm—
> So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

PREVENTING LOSS OF BLOOD IN SURGICAL OPERATIONS.

A SIMPLE and efficient device for preventing loss of blood during surgical operations upon the limbs, lately brought forward by Professor Esmarch, promises to be of great service, and has already been introduced into England with much success. As an instance in illustration of the method, we may mention the case of a child, five years of age, that required a painful operation on the left tibia. While being put under the influence of chloroform, an ordinary elastic bandage, two inches wide and five yards long, was applied pretty tightly, from the toes to the middle of the thigh, the result of which was to force all, or nearly all, the blood from the limb into the body. When the patient was fully narcotized, a half-inch India rubber rope was wrapped around the thigh, at the upper border of the bandage, and tight enough to obstruct all the afferent vessels. Hooks, previously attached to the ends of the rope, furnished a ready means of fastening it, as well as of removing it at pleasure.

The bandage first applied was unrolled, when the limb presented a blanched appearance. The operation was then commenced, and a considerable amount of bone removed. During the whole time not a single drop of blood appeared in the wound, a sponge was not once required, and the facility with which the operation was conducted and finished was marvelous. The tissues were divided, so far as bleeding was concerned, just as they might have been on the dead body. No inconvenience was subsequently experienced by the patient.

It is claimed for this method, whenever applicable, that it saves the strength of the patient by avoiding any loss of blood, which in many cases is so great as to be almost, if not quite, fatal. In the case of amputation the blood is retained in the system instead of being lost with the limb. The duration of the operation is much shortened, the absence of bleeding preventing the usual necessity of continued application of a sponge to the wound to remove the blood, as is generally the case, greatly interfering with the surgeon's vision.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER.

The February Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is unusually varied and entertaining in its contents, with over Eighty Illustrations. CHARLES NORDHOFF contributes a very interesting illustrated paper on "The Columbia River and Puget Sound." The Number opens with a beautifully illustrated poem, "Legend of the Cascades," which gives a rendering of a remarkable Indian tradition connected with the Columbia River. WM. C. PRIME contributes some very interesting "Notes on Pottery and Porcelain," accompanied by Thirty-three Engravings. EUGENE LAWRENCE treats in his dramatic style of "City Road Chapel"—the shrine of English Methodism; and in another illustrated article some very interesting views are sketched with pen and pencil of the social life and historical monuments of Farther India.

The two Serial Novels, "My Mother and I," by Miss MULOCK, and "The Living Link," by Prof. DE MILLE—both beautifully illustrated—are continued; and two short stories are contributed by FRANK LEE BENEDICT and EMILY E. FORD.

EDWIN DE LEON continues his series of papers on "The New South," dealing in this Number with the remarkable progress recently made in Southern manufacturing, lumbering, and mining industries. Two important Maps are given, showing the great lumbering and mining districts of the Southwest.

In an article on "Holland House," EUGENE LAWRENCE gives a remarkable chapter of historical reminiscence and anecdote.

WALT WHITMAN contributes a very characteristic poem, entitled "Song of the Redwood-Tree."

The "Easy Chair" discusses Tweed's fate and the question of co-education, and gives some very entertaining gossip of the lyceum green-room. The "Scientific Record" is a complete summary of recent progress in science and the arts; and the other editorial departments are full of entertainment and instruction—including a very amusing "Drawer, with numerous illustrations.

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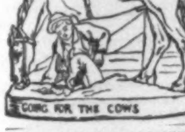

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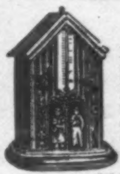

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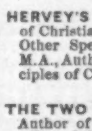

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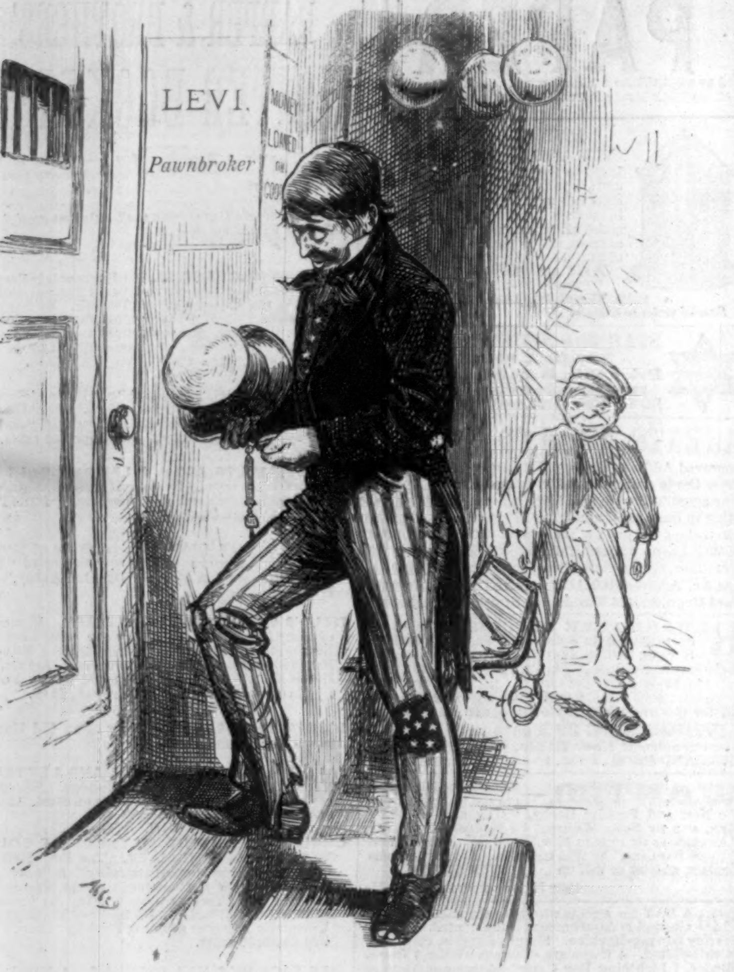

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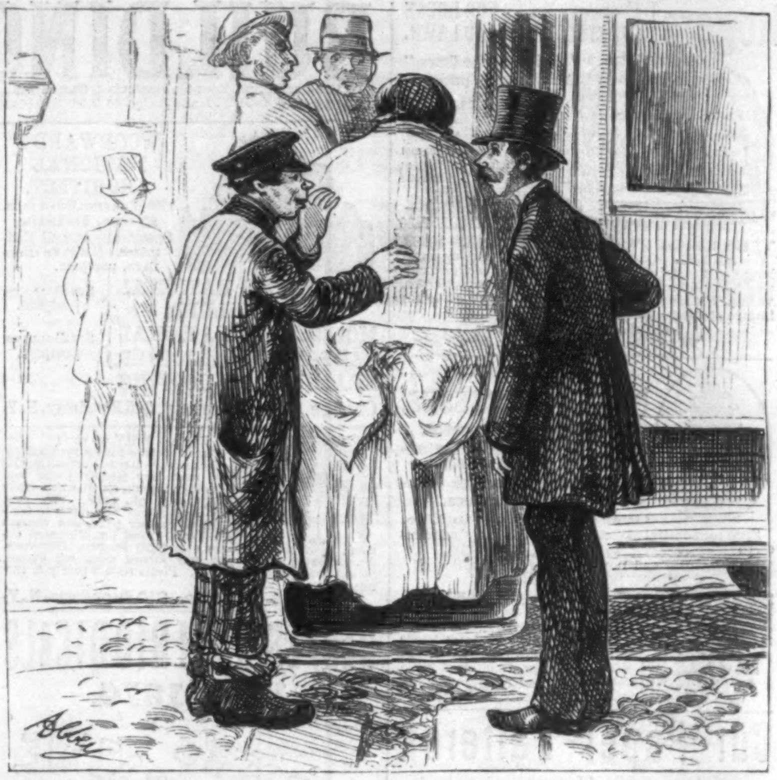

CONDUCTOR (*aside*). "We calls her our wedge; 'cause, when she gets in, she jams the other passengers into their places."

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The volume before us, painful as is its theme, is very interesting, the story of some of the Huguenot leaders being quite romantic.—*Daily Telegraph*, London.

RIGHTED AT LAST.

I.—THE LOCUM TENENS.

ONE lovely summer night, a few years ago, an old-fashioned little vehicle was being dragged up a steep ascent among the Cotswold Hills by a sturdy little pony, who stopped every now and then of his own accord, as though perfectly well aware of how many "rises and dips" lay before him, and of the consequent necessity of not losing his wind by overexertion at this stage of his journey. The two men who were walking on either side of the four-wheeler occupied these moments of rest, the one in cheering and patting the pony, the other in gazing round upon what was to him altogether an unfamiliar scene. Long sloping meadows on one side, parted from each other by low stone walls, a few cottages—stone too, even the roofs—dotted here and there, a long way off a tall cathedral spire, and over all the rapidly gathering gray shadows of coming night; and on the other side high, jagged, yellow cliffs, crowned by tier after tier of mighty trees, whose topmost boughs caught the last golden light of the setting sun beyond, whose friendly branches sheltered myriads of song birds.

"What a glorious view we shall get yonder!" cried the stranger, pointing to a turn on the hill-side, to be reached after another stiff ascent of half a mile.

"Ay, Sir," responded the man, "they do say as the look-out there is as good as any in the country—or out of it either, *I* should think. Master, he say to me when I were a-drivin' him down here the last time the other day, 'Jim,' says he, 'it's my belief I sha'n't see nothin' finer in the way of views in all my travels than this here Cat's Back, and that there Nest by the beck;' and he's a traveled man, is master, and knows what he's a-sayin' of too."

These last words were flung out a little defiantly, as if to warn the young man who was coming as *locum tenens* to Maybeck that though for a twelvemonth or so he might be invested with the invalid rector's power, and preach in his pulpit, and live in his house, and look after his flock, still he had better take care and not let his pride at such a position run away with him, and especially he had better not set up an opinion in opposition to "master's."

But Godfrey Bree was noways inclined to gainsay his conductor's hearty praise; instead of so doing, he so unaffectedly showed a delight in the fair views that lay round about them at every turn that by the time Maybeck rectory was reached he had won golden opinions of "Jim," who informed his wife that night over their supper "that whatsoever the new man might be, papish or chapel disposed, he knowed a nice sight when he see it, and that spoke in his favor!"

A quiet, lonely meal, some few minutes' study of the room where it was served, an introduction to and commencement of a warm friendship with Flops, the old rector's spaniel, and then the curate strolled out into the garden, possessed with the half-satisfied, half-restless feelings that attend so many changes of men's lives. This was his first parochial charge—the eight years of his life since he had left college having been passed in the very different work of teaching in a grammar-school—and how different it all seemed! There, in the busy town of many thousands, with a throng of lads about him from morning till night, plenty of people glad to see him when he could steal an hour from his work, he had hardly known what it was to have a minute to himself; the noise of streets and many voices was about him at all hours; every moment of every day found him with plenty to do. Here, as yet, he knew no one; he had come to this little quiet spot mainly for the sake of rest from overwork, and rest, even to stagnation, he seemed likely to get. He knew no one; indeed, according to Jim's account, there were not many folks to know; a poor population of under a hundred to attend to, three "gentlefolks' houses" to call at, inhabited by a retired officer of the army, the squire of the place, and a certain Mr. Darlington, of whom nobody knew much: these constituted his parish, and constituted for him something very like solitude.

So, at least, Godfrey Bree thought that first night, and wondered how ever he should tide over his twelvemonth's charge, how he should bear the monotony of life in this out-of-the-world hamlet. All alone: the stillness was oppressive, and irritated him into action of some sort; he opened the gate, and set off walking briskly down-hill, intending by the clear light of the midsummer moon to explore a mile or two of country before he went to rest. His rapid steps were stayed, as he was going swiftly round a broken bit of road, by the shrill voice of a woman calling after him:

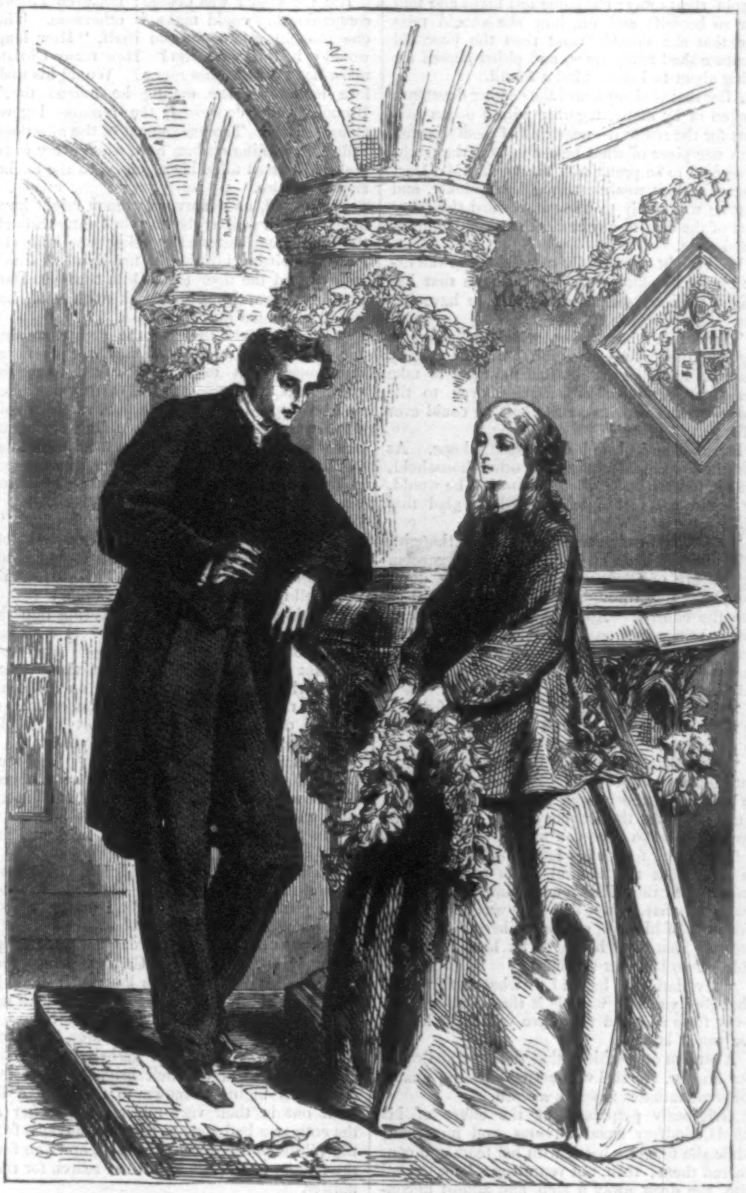
"Be you our new minister, Sir? Then mind, please, where you're goin' of. That path 'll take you right down to the quarry, and maybe you'll get a fall before you know where you are. I ask your pardon for stoppin' you, but not knowin' your ways, you'd best to go careful."

He thanked the woman, and "went careful" to where the path wound among rough stones and thick-growing brambles by the very edge of a large stone quarry, so steep and jagged that he scarcely cared to look down twice, and very sensibly resolved to retrace his steps, and postpone farther wanderings till daylight. On his way back he saw a pretty picture, and under the shadow of a sweet-scented lime staid some moments gazing at it. A little back from the road, parted from it by a low hedge, stood one of the three "gentlefolks' houses;" a long window was wide open, a lamp lighted within, a background of many flowers, and a girl with yellow hair, seated in the full light, resting her face upon her hand as she read aloud to some hearer unseen. The curate was near enough to catch the sound of a sweet, clear voice, and loitered with a passing wish for a full sight of the fair face—may his loneliness excuse his intrusive glances!—but at that moment up rushed Flops, hot from the illegal pursuit of a rabbit; and with a joyful bark the ill-mannered dog rushed straight in at the open window, and made herself very much at home by jumping with her dew-damped paws on the reader's light summer dress. Scarcely knowing whether to retreat or advance, he hesitated a moment, and then had no choice but to go forward; for the girl came out upon the lawn, and catching sight of his figure beneath the limes, cried out:

"Oh, James, here is this dog of yours again! Please take her home, and keep her safe. I like to have her; but papa— I—I beg your pardon," as the curate drew near; "I thought I was speaking to the servant from the rectory."

In great confusion and awkwardness, Godfrey Bree made his apologies and explained who he was, mentally chafing at the accident which brought him forward in such a *malapropos* manner. But the look he ventured at the young lady nearly repaid him for all his annoyance. The face was worthy of the voice—sweet and grave and womanly beyond even his ideal; and her manner, gentle and self-possessed, well matched her face.

He could have gone on explaining and apologizing for an hour, but a sharp voice from the house called "Emily!" and handing the intruding Flops over to the curate's keeping, the girl hurried back to her father, and the young man retraced his steps to the rectory. On the whole, it seemed to him, however, that Maybeck was a far more habitable place than he had thought it to be an hour ago.



GODFREY DECLARES HIMSELF.

II.—THE INEVITABLE DILEMMA.

A habitable, cheery, sociable little place the village was in truth, in spite of the smallness of its population, which seemed rather ridiculous when first faced by this stray man from a busy town; and before a week was over Godfrey Bree had made so much use of his time that he had seen the inside of most of the cottages, and learned from the lips of their feminine occupiers such budgets of domestic trials, such perplexing confidences of family histories, such volumes of details concerning all the children of every household, as set him often wondering what in the world men with large parishes could do if they had a proportionate increase of matters to listen to.

But that was only his first week, before he knew how to manage properly; after a while he contrived to avoid such floods of gossip, and yet maintain his character as a kindly listener and good adviser.

He made his call, too, at the squire's, and saw the whole family—master, mistress, and four fat daughters, two like the father, two like the mother—all ready to welcome a young and gentlemanly man as a pleasant temporary change in place of the old invalid clergyman. The squire found out that the new-comer's politics were all right—that is, something the same kind as his own—and, accepting him at once as the right kind of man, showed him his pictures, his kennels, and his favorite hunter, and asked his advice upon a much-vexed question of a foot-path across the park, finishing up with a hearty invitation to come in to lunch or dinner whenever he felt disposed to do so.

And he called at the retired officer's, and listened with patience while his ill-used host set plainly before him how infamously he and his claims had been slighted and insulted by a radical government.

"By Jove, Sir," cried the wounded major (wounded in spirit, I mean)—"by Jove, if I hadn't had the spirit of a lamb—if I hadn't been brought up to understand the—the duty of moderating your feelings when you are in the very devil of a temper—I beg your pardon, Mr. Bree, I do indeed!—and if I hadn't felt it was altogether beneath me to take notice of such a blackguardly conspiracy, I should have shaken the service off in disgust and thrown up my commission, and sent the commander-in-chief a letter that would have made his ears tingle. Upon my word, I should, Sir! But I remembered—my late father was a clergyman—I remembered it is not always wise to get in a rage and do what you wish. A Christian and an officer has other duties. So I waited till I cooled down, and then sold my commission."

The major wound up as the squire had done, by begging this excellent new listener to drop in at six o'clock whenever he wished for a homely dinner, and some one else's company besides his own.

Lastly, he made his visit to Mr. Darlington's, postponing his call there from day to day for reasons scarcely intelligible to himself.

He was ushered into the same bright room of which he had caught a glimpse a week before, met and welcomed by Miss Darlington herself, whose delicate beauty gained, as so many kinds of beauty do *not*, by being seen in broad daylight. A lovely complexion, clear large gray eyes that smiled as brightly as her lips, a perfect figure, and a soft sweet voice. She needed no adjuncts of dress or personal adornment to enhance her many charms; and either she was aware of this, or had other reasons for the noticeable simplicity of her attire, which seemed scarcely in keeping with the costliness of the furniture and ornaments of the room in which she was seated. At first the curate, who was thoroughly unaccustomed to ladies' society, was puzzled to know in what other particular, besides her charming face, she differed so much from most others of her sex; but after a few visits at the Hall had brought before his eyes a considerable display of west-country fashionable attire he became aware of Miss Darlington's peculiarity, and set it down in his own mind as a piece of very pardonable vanity—an error, if error at all, in the right direction.

The first few minutes of that morning's call led the young man into an unknown land, where hitherto his steps had never strayed. I don't mean that he fell headlong in love all in one brief half hour, or even for weeks suspected that he was in danger of doing so at all; but dreams and longings for a home of his own henceforth troubled him as they had never done before; a weariness and distaste of his old life came over him, and he began to think he never could go back to the pursuits and work he had been so loath to leave.

One more trifling circumstance struck him during that first interview—for he naturally paid more heed to manner than to dress, and noticed a slight but certain change in Miss Darlington's manner from the moment her father entered the room.

The latter received Mr. Bree with all possible courtesy, and detained him for nearly an hour in friendly conversation, explaining, rather unnecessarily, his own reasons for living in such a secluded part of the country; "natural indolence, I must confess, and a genuine dislike to being elbowed about in the world;" then, gauging his visitor's tastes and knowledge of matters, artistic, political, and social, rapidly and skillfully, he ended by congratulating himself on having a neighbor with so many similar tastes to his own, and expressing a hope that they might see much of each other.

But during that hour Miss Darlington scarcely spoke, and when Godfrey Bree looked toward her he fancied a shadow had come over her face—an anxious, slightly distressed look for which he could not account, which changed her curiously, making her look grave and older than her years.

And as it was that morning, so was it ever afterward. Apart from her father the curate always found her bright and cheerful, though perhaps less given to mirth than most girls of twenty; but with Mr. Darlington always subdued, always quiet; watching him with eager anticipation of his wishes or wants; reading when she was bidden—he would have her read aloud for hours some days; singing to him if he was so disposed; his constant companion in walks or drives; his devoted attendant during those hours when he was ill or fancied himself to be so; and yet no one who watched her—as the curate soon delighted in doing—could fail to perceive that there was some false note in the harmony of that household, some slight invisible barrier between the love of this father and daughter.

Meanwhile, as his acquaintance with the Darlingtons grew closer, the weeks were creeping on. The harvest was gathered in far and near, and the woods down the steep hill-sides were glorious in red and golden garments.

Letters from abroad told Godfrey Bree that Mr. Herbert, the rector, was slowly but surely regaining his health, and trusted to be able to resume his parish work during the following summer; "and that means," thought Godfrey, ruefully, "that I shall be wanted here no longer." That day the curate first faced a very awkward question: "Would Mr. Darlington, with all his seeming friendliness, be disposed to give up his daughter to a man who had no better prospect for years to come than a curacy, or possibly a country grammar-school—who had no prospect, moreover, of ever inheriting more than the solitary thousand pounds he already possessed?"

The poor fellow took himself to task for his folly; but it was late in the day to do that. Then he told himself he must see and master this quick-growing passion—which only shows how ignorant he was on such matters; and then, as if the very Fates fought against him, Mr. Darlington met with some slight accident which kept him within-doors, and he was constantly sending for the curate to dine or lunch with him, "out of pity." So the chains were riveted faster than ever as winter drew on apace.

III.—IN WORSE CONFUSION.

One November afternoon an urgent message had gone across to the rectory for Mr. Bree to dine at the White House: so Mr. Darlington's cottage was called.

Mr. Bree had declined to go, half glad to be out of danger's way for once—"his lads were coming up to the night-school, and he should be busy till eight o'clock." Upon which came another message that Mr. Darlington would put off dining till eight if Mr. Bree would go then. So the overpersuaded curate gave in, and went something against his will.

Against his will for two reasons. First, he was afraid of his secret escaping from him before he had well made up his mind what course he ought to take; and next, because his more frequent interviews with Mr. Darlington had not strengthened his liking for that gentleman. At times such flashes of bitterness broke from him, such rough, harsh speeches, as made one wonder what in the world was out of joint with this man, who lived to all seeming in such wealth and comfort; and after such speeches, if they had happened at dinner, it was certain Mr. Darlington attempted to raise his spirits by drinking freely of the wines which he used to boast were among the best in the country.

On this November evening Godfrey could see, the moment he entered the dining-room, that his host was in no particularly happy frame of mind.

He received his guest, however, with many expressions of welcome, and vented his ill temper on the dinner, which he declared had been spoiled in the cooking; then, as though ashamed of so much fault-finding, he turned the conversation to descriptions of the Lake country, which he knew well, and of which he spoke with such happy fluency that it was difficult to believe him to be the same man who had sat grumbling at the head of his table a few minutes before.

Having achieved this point, he suddenly subsided, and playing listlessly with a wine-glass, begged to know whether Mr. Bree had discovered any wonderful genius among the clod-hoppers he was teaching, or what made the occupation so particularly engrossing.

The young man colored at the sneering tone, but answered with perfect good temper that his pupils were none of them very apt, but that he conceived it to be his duty to help them if they wished to learn.

"Well, every one to his taste," said Mr. Darlington, coldly. "I suppose you are something like myself at times, driven to seek uncongenial companions rather than none at all, in such a dismal corner of the earth as this is—dismal, that is, when the fishing season is over," he added, hurriedly, and flushing slightly.

Uncertain how to take such a speech, the curate was for answering hotly; but at that instant he caught Emily Darlington's glance, frightened and entreating. The appeal from her was a delight to him, and for her sake he answered, courteously:

"Indeed, you would be surprised if you knew how much one gets interested in such unpromising pupils. I know the people here so well now, that Maybeck seems to me one of the most important spots of the earth, though I don't happen to care for trout fishing. No, thank you, no more wine."

"Happy you, if you can make yourself contented," responded his host; "to me it appears as though such drudgery as your evening's work must be awfully uncongenial to a man like yourself, accustomed to something better—though in the same line!"—this with another sneer.

("Oh, Emily," thought the curate, "if that man were any one but your father, I should not wait at his table to hear another such speech!")

"Teaching is 'my line,' as you say," he answered; "and I like it heartily. Perhaps you will excuse me for saying that I consider it as much my duty to teach the lads about here what little they are anxious to learn as I should consider it my duty to fulfill any other trust committed to me honestly and fairly."

"Bah! *trust!*" muttered Mr. Darlington; and again the curate caught the daughter's eye, glancing nervously toward him, as though imploring a change of conversation. So striking farther afield for a subject, he went on:

"I had a pupil once, five or six years ago, for whose sake I used often to wish myself a rich man, so that I could have pushed him on in the world. For so young a boy, he promised wonderfully well, and many a plan we made to work him up and get him through Oxford or Cambridge. But it all came to nothing; downright poverty forced his mother to take him from school. Somehow a berth was found for him in a ship that traded between here and China—he hated the sea, poor little chap! And the other day I took up a stray newspaper for a minute, and the first thing I saw was that the *Queen* had gone down in the Chinese seas with poor Charlie Merlin and every other soul on board."

"Charlie!"—it was Miss Darlington began speaking. Her father interrupted her harshly:

"Ring the bell! I—this glass is snapped;" and he pushed the broken glass away. "You need not remain, Emily; we shall be in the drawing-room presently;" but his voice as he spoke was unsteady, and his hand shook terribly as he poured out more wine.

Miss Darlington hurried from the room without a word; but as Godfrey held the door open for her he could see that her face was white, and her eyes full of tears.

Scarcely knowing whether to connect her evident distress with what he had been saying, he felt perplexed as to what to do when he resumed his seat; but after two or three minutes' dead silence Mr. Darlington asked, slowly,

"What was the name of the boy you just spoke of?"

"Charlie Elwin Merlin."

"And he lived—"

"At Newby by York."

"Oh!" Then, still more slowly, "At Newby by York; a place I have never seen. I thought you were an eastern counties man—that you had lived all your life at St. Osyth's?"

"Not quite all. I have many relations in Yorkshire—my only living relatives, cousins, are all in different parts of that county. After Christmas I mean to have a holiday, and run up to see them for ten days."

"Oh, and then you will see this Mr.—these people who interest you?"

"Perhaps I shall," said the curate, sadly; and then he got up and said he would be going home, for he did not care to anticipate or discuss so sad a meeting as his would be with that sorrowing mother. He was vexed with himself for so carelessly introducing the subject; and so, resisting Mr. Darlington's invitation to remain longer, he went off to bid Miss Darlington good-night in the drawing-room at once.

She was not there; but half a dozen candles were flaring in a strong draught, the dark curtains were pulled aside, and the window stood wide open. While he hesitated, a voice without said:

"Mr. Bree, is papa coming? What, are you going already?" Then she stepped in, with a dark shawl gathered about her head and shoulders; but though she closed the window, she kept well within the shadow of the curtains, holding up one hand to shield her eyes, as though the light dazzled her.

"Wait one moment," she said, softly, as he offered to bid her good-night; then going on rapidly, a deep flush replacing her unusual pallor: "Will you forgive me, Mr. Bree; but will you—may I give you something for that poor lady you spoke of? Perhaps, if—if she has other children, she will want it now. Oh no; pray do not think it any liberality, papa gives me so much more than I ever use." The last words broke into something very like a sob. "Please go," she whispered; "and pray do not name who sent this."

He could but go, more puzzled than ever by the evening visit. "This" he found on examination to be a bank-note for fifty pounds.

IV.—PRUDENCE GOES TO THE WINDS.

Over and over again did the curate ponder the strange circumstances of his last visit to the White House—last it seemed likely to be, for no invitation to go again reached him between that night and Christmas, and wearily the time dragged along, each day opening on the hope that he might meet Miss Darlington once more, and closing with a regret that that one object was still unachieved. Among his poor folks he often heard her named, and by the many gifts that were shown to him, it seemed as though she must have shut herself up to work for her neighbors. One day an old paralyzed woman, whose home Emily had often brightened by her presence, told the curate "that her young lady was a-goin' right away; she come last night and told her so herself; and, oh, how she should miss her, that she should!" and then the poor old creature shed ready tears, and pitied herself for being about to lose so kind a friend.

After that Godfrey heard the coming departure spoken of by many, together with a dozen reasons for the removal—nearly all of them flavored with one piece of what he feared was the truth. It seemed to be pretty well known that Mr. Darlington's habit was mastering him quickly, and that he was rarely to be seen, toward the latter part of the day, in any better than a half-intoxicated state.

Well might poor Emily come alone to the little church, looking so worn and pale that her bright girlhood seemed altogether to have left her.

The curate's heart often ached as he caught sight of the sweet, sorrowful face; and mighty were his longings that he had the right to take her from her unshared troubles, even to the modest home which was the best he could ever offer her.

But now he had no hold on such a hope. As darkness gathered about that other household, the shadow fell on him too. Do what he would, he could not feel light-hearted or glad that Christmas-time.

"If I could only see her again," he thought, as he finished a weary walk in the misty garden, on the eve of Christmas-day, by pacing down the plantation, through the grave-yard, and so into the church. And behold, while the wish hovered unspoken on his lips, there stood Miss Darlington in the narrow aisle, glad, waiting perhaps to see him, for she came forward with heightened color and outstretched hand.

"At last!" he exclaimed, hurrying forward to meet her. "I thought I never was to speak to you again."

"Nay," she answered, "I would not go without bidding you good-by. I had not much time to help with the church this year, but I staid purposely after the Daveneys and Wilsons left, because I did so hope you would come in."

The curate forgot his last month's wearyings in delight at this avowal. His prudence was scattered to the winds, and before he was half aware of what he was doing he was pouring out the story of his love, entreating her, if she might not yet share his home, to let him know and help her to bear her troubles.

"My darling," he said, "what is it that is changing you so? what is it that is taking you away from us? and why have you never let me see you of late?"

A stream of questions that the poor girl could not answer, for she was crying bitterly, unable for some minutes to speak a word.

Grievously perplexed at the effect of his words, Godfrey stood anxious and impatient, while she fought a battle with her tears and conquered them; then, not venturing a look toward him, she drew away a step, and almost unconsciously toying with a holly wreath, spoke at last, tremulously and nervously:

"I have done very wrong. I only waited—*indeed*, I only waited to hear if you had sent—my poor gift—to your—your friend."

He told her half impatiently that the gift had gone almost as soon as she gave it, and as secretly as she had desired.

"Then I do thank you more than I can tell," she said, once more voluntarily giving him her hand. And she added, slowly and earnestly, "I ask you one thing more—forget you ever spoke to me as you have just done. There are reasons why I must not and"—faltering a moment—"why I will not listen to such words. No, no, please *don't* make me cry again;" for he was at her side, trying to stop her words. What lover, indeed, would be likely to be put off with such entreaties as these? Not he, thought Godfrey; hear him she should; and he made her find her hat and leave the gray little church, while he eagerly and passionately pleaded his cause with her as slowly they moved on toward the home she was so soon to leave.

But all in vain. "It can not be." "It must not be." "I can not tell you why." These were the only answers he could wring from her. No argument, no entreaties could change her, though, poor girl, she had not strength or skill enough to conceal that it was her will, and not her heart, that was rejecting him.

"Will you *never* give me any other answer?" he asked, as they neared the gate of the White House.

"I dare not think I ever shall," she answered.

"And will you forgive me the pain that my presumption has caused you?" he asked, jesuitically. "I had almost forgotten till now how rich you were and how poor I am."

"How *can* you! That is cruel!" she broke out. "Indeed, you don't know *how* cruel you are. Ah, Godfrey!" for he held her, all unseen in the quiet shadowy lane, close in his arms for one moment while he said:

"Then I will wait. Whatever it be that keeps you from me can not last forever. Whether it should last for months or years, I'll wait. I'll have no wife if I can not have you, Emily;" and then he released her, and left her without another word, striding off for a six-mile walk along the old Roman road close by, to cool his hot head and recall what few senses the last hour had not deprived him of altogether.

V.—AFTER WAITING COMES REWARD.

The next day brought its work of services, and "Lady Margaret's dole of certain shillings and woolen garments and loaves of bread to six poor women of the parish of Maybeck." Godfrey Bree had plenty to keep him occupied till the time came for his lonely Christmas dinner, for he had declined joining the family gathering at the Hall, and Major Garrett had gone to spend his Christmas from home.

But the dinner was dismal; not even Flops's companionship could make it otherwise. The one thought would obtrude itself, "How long would it be thus with him? How many Christmas-tides must he pass alone? Would his rash love have ever the ending he longed for?" Brooding and depressed, the minutes lagged along heavily. The excitement of the afternoon before was telling on him now, when every word that had passed filled his memory, to the exclusion of all else.

He started, as a nervous woman might have done, when a peal at the door-bell rang through the house, and hastened to relight the lamp (he had been sitting idly in the fire-light) as Jim's wife opened the door to tell him that Mr. Darlington was waiting to speak with him, but would not come into the house.

"Now for it!" thought the curate, rousing himself for the anticipated fray, for he never questioned what must have called forth the visit. His mind was too full of that one idea, and he stepped out into the hall, where a cold wind was rushing about, slamming the doors and whistling mournfully through all the house.

"Pray come in, Mr. Darlington," he begged, going out on the steps and standing shivering beneath the dark wintry sky.

"No, thank you," said the other, shortly. "I am merely come to say good-by; we shall be off to-morrow or the next day. I should be too busy to see you if you called. This place is all very well in the summer. What's that?"

"Nothing," said the curate, peering into the darkness. "What do you mean? I wish you would come in."

"But it's confoundedly cold in the winter; that's why we are leaving," went on Mr. Darlington, rapidly. "And I hate the country to walk in, one is so apt to meet all sorts of people. You're not inclined for a walk, are you?"

"Certainly not," said the curate; "and really I think it would be best for you to go home if you will not come in with me. It's bitterly cold, and beginning to snow."

The flakes were coming down thick and fast as he spoke.

"Then I will be off," said Mr. Darlington. "Good-night and good-by! Have you heard—I beg your pardon; I thought I was talking to some one else. Good-night!"

He went off down the garden path, muttering strangely to himself, and Godfrey Bree stood watching his dark figure as long as it could be seen, little thinking that the departing man was hurrying carelessly on to meet his death.

But so it was. While the church-bells were ringing merrily, and men gathered their children about them on their bright hearths that Christmas night, unknown to them all a life went out in their very midst. Late, after all the cottagers had gone to rest, the servants from the White House roused Mr. Bree and Jim from the rectory to help them in their search for their master.

And they found him at the bottom of the stone quarry, where Godfrey had looked shudderingly down the first night he came to Maybeck. Dead! with broken, crushed limbs, but the white cold face unhurt even by a scratch, the eyes awfully wide open and staring now, that in life had never looked you fairly in the face.

An intensely cold day early in the following week, and the curate stood reading a short note that had just been given to him. It was from Emily Darlington, whose father he had buried that morning.

"I am going," the writer said, "to leave this very afternoon. I can not see you, I can not write to you again, till I have waked from this horrible dream; for so it seems to me. Be content to wait, perhaps for months; then I will write again."

So, with the best patience he could muster, he did her bidding, and waited, not knowing where or with whom she was; hearing no word of or from her; watching sadly the rapid breaking up of her deserted home, the close-shuttered dreariness of the rooms in which he had so often seen her; hearing the endless surmises as to her fortune, which was unanimously decided to be large; and her future, about which no one knew any thing, but all had plenty to say, until at last, even in the little gossip-loving village, the subject was worn out, and the horror of the accident (if accident it was, and that God only knew) died away from men's minds, and left them free to discuss the in-coming tenants of the White House.

The curate's love-story had been well kept from the small world about him; none knew how anxiously he was waiting among them for the last chapter of that history.

It came at last, the letter she had promised—written to him from an old town just beyond the hills which lay before him as he read the pages.

"I am not at all the same person who went away five months ago," she wrote. "Then I was very rich; now I am very poor. I have only my dead mother's money to call my own; it is not a hundred a year. You see, I try to tell you the worst first, and yet not all the worst. How shall I write the truth about him, my father! He was always so good to me, and yet I never could be happy with him—not quite; and now I am going to make you hate him. You thought perhaps he had been born to plenty of money, or had earned it in some business or profession. Unhappily it was not so. He was only a junior partner in a firm of lawyers. His senior was an old man, and a very rich one, who had but one relative, a niece, to inherit his property. I think a marriage was once thought of between my father and this lady; but she preferred a man of her own choice, fitting in some respects, but most obnoxious to her uncle. A private marriage between them enraged Mr. Laurence into disinheriting his niece; and at his death, a few years later, it was found that he had left upward of thirty thousand pounds to my father, making no mention of his then widowed niece in his will. That much all the world knew, and even then cried shame upon the old man for his harshness. But they did not know what my dear mother discovered when too late—that my father had secretly helped on the distasteful marriage, and had then, alas! done all in his power to foster the estrangement between the uncle and niece, even—how could he do it!—keeping from her the knowledge of her uncle's illness, fearing lest at the last moment she should come between him and his expected fortune; and, worst of all, he told his dying partner that his niece refused to come, though he had sent entreating her to do so. I could tell you much more; but surely this is *too* much. It almost breaks my heart to have to write it. It quite broke my mother's heart when she knew all the truth. The fortune was a misery and a shame to her, as it has been to me. I thank God, I am rid of it now, and all that wretched inheritance from my poor father has gone to its rightful owner, Mrs. Merlin. Would it were possible that any deed of mine could atone to her for all the misery my father's act brought her! But I can do no more. I have kept my promise to my mother, who told me the full truth only to impress on me the need of acting as I have done with the money as soon as I had the power, and I only tell you to justify myself. Surely I need not ask your pity for my father and for me. Is it not an awful thing to say his death lifted a load from my heart, although he was so good to me, and I loved him so when I was a child? Now you know why your story about Charlie Merlin troubled us so. Now I have told you all. Remember, you are not bound to me by any word of promise. It was riches kept us apart when you spoke to me on Christmas-eve. I dared not tell you then what you know now. If our poverty stands between us now, so be it; no single thought of mine shall ever reproach you." Then a bit of girlish weakness stole in: "But I should like to see you once."

"Once!" cried the curate, joyfully; "ay, that she shall!" And he might also have added, "and forever;" for the next day's meeting was but the first of many, and the weeks were but few before these two joined homes as well as hearts, and set out to face the world together, not overrich, but strong in youth and love—one of them at least living a new life, freed from the heavy burden that another's sin had bound upon her earlier years.

(Continued from No. 890, page 67.)

THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON).

AUTHOR OF "PELHAM," "THE CAXTONS," "THE LAST OF THE BARONS," "MY NOVEL," "THE COMING RACE," ETC., ETC.

PREFATORY NOTE.

(BY THE AUTHOR'S SON.)

The Parisians and *Kenelm Chillingly* were begun about the same time, and had their common origin in the same central idea. That idea first found fantastic expression in *The Coming Race*, and the three books, taken together, constitute a special group distinctly apart from all the other works of their author.

The satire of his earlier novels is a protest against false social respectabilities; the humor of his later ones is a protest against the disrespect of social realities. By the first he sought to promote social sincerity, and the free play of personal character; by the last, to encourage mutual charity and sympathy among all classes on whose interrelation depends the character of society itself. But in these three books, his latest fictions, the moral purpose is more definite and exclusive. Each of them is an expostulation against what seemed to him the perilous popularity of certain social and political theories, or a warning against the influence of certain intellectual tendencies upon individual character and national life. This purpose, however, though common to the three fictions, is worked out in each of them by a different method. *The Coming Race* is a work of pure fancy, and the satire of it is vague and sportive. The outlines of a definite purpose are more distinctly drawn in *Chillingly*—a romance which has the source of its effect in a highly wrought imagination. The humor and pathos of *Chillingly* are of a kind incompatible with the design of *The Parisians*, which is a work of dramatized observation. *Chillingly* is a Romance, *The Parisians* is a Novel. The subject of *Chillingly* is psychological; that of *The Parisians* is social. The author's object in *Chillingly* being to illustrate the effect of "modern ideas" upon an individual character, he has confined his narrative to the biography of that one character. Hence the simplicity of plot and small number of *dramatis personæ*, whereby the work gains in height and depth what it loses in breadth of surface. *The Parisians*, on the contrary, is designed to illustrate the effect of "modern ideas" upon a whole community. This novel is therefore panoramic in the profusion and variety of figures presented by it to the reader's imagination. No exclusive prominence is vouchsafed to any of these figures. All of them are drawn and colored with an equal care, but by means of the bold broad touches necessary for their effective presentation on a canvas so large and so crowded. Such figures are, indeed, but the component features of one great Form, and their actions only so many modes of one collective impersonal character—that of the Parisian Society of Imperial and Democratic France—a character every where present and busy throughout the story, of which it is the real hero or heroine. This society was doubtless selected for characteristic illustration as being the most advanced in the progress of "modern ideas." Thus, for a complete perception of its writer's fundamental purpose, *The Parisians* should be read in connection with *Chillingly*, and these two books in connection with *The Coming Race*. It will then be perceived that, through the medium of alternate fancy, sentiment, and observation, assisted by humor and passion, these three books (in all other respects so different from each other) complete the presentation of the same purpose under different aspects, and thereby constitute a group of fictions which claims a separate place of its own in any thoughtful classification of their author's works.

One last word to those who will miss from these pages the connecting and completing touches of the master's hand. It may be hoped that such a disadvantage, though irreparable, is somewhat mitigated by the essential character of the work itself. The æsthetic merit of this kind of novel is in the vivacity of a general effect produced by large swift strokes of character; and in such strokes, if they be by a great artist, force and freedom of style must still be apparent, even when they are left rough and unfinished. Nor can any lack of final verbal correction much diminish the intellectual value which many of the more thoughtful passages of the present work derive from a long, keen, and practical study of political phenomena, guided by personal experience of public life, and enlightened by a large, instinctive knowledge of the human heart.

Such a belief is, at least, encouraged by the private communications spontaneously made, to him who expresses it, by persons of political experience and social position in France, who have acknowledged the general accuracy of the author's descriptions, and noticed the suggestive sagacity and penetration of his occasional comments on the circumstances and sentiments he describes. L.

BOOK TWELFTH.

CHAPTER V.

THE time now came when all provision of food or of fuel failed the modest household of Isaura; and there was not only herself and the Venosta to feed and warm—there were the servants whom they had brought from Italy, and had not the heart now to dismiss to the certainty of famine. True, one of the three, the man, had returned to his native land before the commencement of the siege; but the two women had remained. They supported themselves now as they could on the meagre rations accorded by the government. Still Isaura attended the ambulance to which she was attached. From the ladies associated with her she could readily have obtained ample supplies; but they had no conception of her real state of destitution; and there was a false pride generally prevalent among the respectable classes, which Isaura shared, that concealed distress lest alms should be proffered.

The destitution of the household had been carefully concealed from the parents of Gustave Rameau until, one day, Madame Rameau, entering at the hour at which she generally, and her husband sometimes, came for a place by the fireside and a seat at the board, found on the one only ashes, on the other a ration of the black nauseous compound which had become the substitute for bread.

Isaura was absent on her duties at the ambulance hospital—purposely absent, for she shrank from the bitter task of making clear to the friends of her betrothed the impossibility of continuing the aid to their support which their son had neglected to contribute, and still more from the comment which she knew they would make on his conduct in absenting himself so wholly of late, and in the time of such trial and pressure, both from them and from herself. Truly, she rejoiced at that absence so far as it affected herself. Every hour of the day she silently asked her conscience whether she were not now absolved from a promise won from her only by an assurance that she had power to influence for good the life that now voluntarily separated itself from her own. As she had never loved Gustave, so she felt no resentment at the indifference his conduct manifested. On the contrary, she hailed it as a sign that the annulment of their betrothal would be as welcome to him as to herself. And if so, she could restore to him the sort of compassionate friendship she had learned to cherish in the hour of his illness and repentance. She had resolved to seize the first opportunity he afforded to her of speaking to him with frank and truthful plainness. But, meanwhile, her gentle nature recoiled from the confession of her resolve to appeal to Gustave himself for the rupture of their engagement.

Thus the Venosta alone received Madame Rameau; and while that lady was still gazing round her with an emotion too deep for immediate utterance, her husband entered, with an expression of face new to him—the look of a man who has been stung to anger, and who has braced his mind to some stern determination. This altered countenance of the good-tempered *bourgeois* was not, however, noticed by the two women. The Venosta did not even raise her eyes to it as, with humbled accents, she said, "Pardon, dear monsieur, pardon, madame, our want of hospitality; it is not our hearts that fail. We kept our state from you as long as we could. Now it speaks for itself: '*La fame è una bratta festin.*'"

"Oh, madame! and oh, my poor Isaura!" cried Madame Rameau, bursting into tears. "So we have been all this time a burden on you—aided to bring such want on you! How can we ever be forgiven? And my son—to leave us thus—not even to tell us where to find him!"

"Do not degrade us, my wife," said M. Rameau, with unexpected dignity, "by a word to imply that we would stoop to sue for support to our ungrateful child. No, we will not starve! I am strong enough still to find food for you. I will apply for restoration to the National Guard. They have augmented the pay to married men; it is now nearly two francs and a half a day to a *père de famille*, and on that pay we all can at least live. Courage, my wife! I will go at once for employment. Many men older than I am are at work on the ramparts, and will march to the battle on the next sortie."

"It shall not be so!" exclaimed Madame Rameau, vehemently, and winding her arm round her husband's neck. "I loved my son better than thee once—more the shame to me. Now I would rather lose twenty such sons than peril thy life, my Jacques!—Madame," she continued, turning to the Venosta, "thou wert wiser than I. Thou wert ever opposed to the union between thy young friend and my son. I felt sore with thee for it—a mother is so selfish when she puts herself in the place of her child. I thought that only through marriage with one so pure, so noble, so holy, Gustave could be saved from sin and evil. I am deceived. A man so heartless to his parents, so neglectful of his affianced, is not to be redeemed. I brought about this betrothal: tell Isaura that I release her from it. I have watched her closely since she was entrapped into it. I know how miserable the thought of it has made her, though, in her sublime devotion to her plighted word, she sought to conceal from me the real state of her heart. If the betrothal brings such sorrow, what would the union do! Tell her this from me. Come, Jacques, come away!"

"Stay, madame!" exclaimed the Venosta, her excitable nature much affected by this honest outburst of feeling. "It is true that I did oppose, so far as I could, my poor *Piccola's* engagement with M. Gustave. But I dare not do your bidding. Isaura would not listen to me. And let us be just: M. Gustave may be able satisfactorily to explain his seeming indifference and neglect. His health is always very delicate; perhaps he may be again dangerously ill. He serves in the National Guard; perhaps—" She paused, but the mother conjectured the word left unsaid, and, clasping her hands, cried out, in anguish, "Perhaps dead!—and we have wronged him! Oh, Jacques, Jacques! how shall we find out—how discover our boy? Who can tell us where to search—at the hospital, or in the cemeteries?" At the last word she dropped into a seat, and her whole frame shook with her sobs.

Jacques approached her tenderly, and kneeling by her side, said:

"No, *m'amie*, comfort thyself, if it be indeed a comfort to learn that thy son is alive and well. For my part, I know not if I would not rather he had died in his innocent childhood. I have seen him—spoken to him. I know where he is to be found."

"You do, and concealed it from me? Oh, Jacques!"

"Listen to me, wife, and you too, madame; for what I have to say should be made known to Mademoiselle Cicogna. Some time since, on the night of the famous sortie, when at my post on the ramparts, I was told that Gustave had joined himself to the most violent of the Red Republicans, and had uttered at the *Club de la Vengeance* sentiments of which I will only say that I, his father, and a Frenchman, hung my head with shame when they were repeated to me. I resolved to go to the club myself. I did. I heard him speak—heard him denounce Christianity as the instrument of tyrants."

"Ah!" cried the two women, with a simultaneous shudder.

"When the assembly broke up I waylaid him at the door. I spoke to him seriously. I told him what anguish such announcement of blasphemous opinions would inflict on his pious mother. I told him I should deem it my duty to inform Mademoiselle Cicogna, and warn her against the union on which he had told us his heart was bent He appeared sincerely moved by what I said, implored me to keep silence toward his mother and his betrothed, and promised, on that condition, to relinquish at once what he called 'his career as an orator,' and appear no more at such execrable clubs. On this understanding I held my tongue. Why, with such other causes of grief and suffering, should I tell thee, poor wife, of a sin that I hoped thy son had repented and would not repeat? And Gustave kept his word. He has never, so far as I know, attended, at least spoken, at the Red clubs since that evening."

"Thank Heaven so far," murmured Madame Rameau.

"So far, yes; but hear more. A little time after I thus met him he changed his lodging, and did not confide to us his new address, giving as a reason to us that he wished to avoid all clew to his discovery by that pertinacious Mademoiselle Julie."

Rameau had here sunk his voice into a whisper, intended only for his wife, but the ear of the Venosta was fine enough to catch the sound, and she repeated, "Mademoiselle Julie! Santa Maria! who is she?"

"Oh," said M. Rameau, with a shrug of his shoulders, and with true Parisian *sang-froid* as to such matters of morality, "a trifle not worth considering. Of course a good-looking *garçon* like Gustave must have his little affairs of the heart before he settles for life. Unluckily, among those of Gustave was one with a violent-tempered girl who persecuted him when he left her, and he naturally wished to avoid all chance of a silly scandal, if only out of respect to the dignity of his *fiancée*. But I found that was not the true motive, or at least the only one, for concealment. Prepare yourself, my poor wife. Thou hast heard of these terrible journals which the *déchéance* has let loose upon us. Our unhappy boy is the principal writer of one of the worst of them, under the name of 'Diderot le Jeune.'"

"What!" cried the Venosta. "That monster! The good Abbé Vertpré was telling us of the writings with that name attached to them. The Abbé himself is denounced by name as one of those meddling priests who are to be constrained to serve as soldiers, or pointed out to the vengeance of the *canaille*. Isaura's *fiancée* a blasphemer!"

"Hush, hush!" said Madame Rameau, rising, very pale but self-collected. "How do you know this, Jacques?"

"From the lips of Gustave himself. I heard first of it yesterday from one of the young reprobates with whom he used to be familiar, and who even complimented me on the rising fame of my son, and praised the eloquence of his article that day. But I would not believe him. I bought the journal—here it is; saw the name and address of the printer—went this morning to the office—was there told that 'Diderot le Jeune' was within revising the press—stationed myself by the street-door, and when Gustave came out I seized his arm and asked him to say Yes or No if he was the author of this infamous article—this, which I now hold in my hand. He owned the authorship with pride; talked wildly of the great man he was—of the great things he was to do; said that, in hitherto concealing his true name, he had done all he could to defer to the bigoted prejudices of his parents and his *fiancée*; and that if genius, like fire, would find its way out, he could not help it; that a time was rapidly coming when his opinions would be uppermost; that since October the Communists were gaining ascendency, and only waited the end of the siege to put down the present government, and with it all hypocrisies and shams, religious or social. My wife, he was rude to me, insulting; but he had been drinking—that made him incautious; and he continued to walk by my side toward his own lodging, on reaching which he ironically invited me to enter, saying, 'I should meet there men who would soon argue me out of my obsolete notions.' You may go to him, wife, now, if you please. I will not, nor will I take from him a crust of bread. I came hither determined to tell the young lady all this, if I found her at home. I should be a dishonored man if I suffered her to be cheated into misery. There, Madame Venosta, there! Take that journal, show it to mademoiselle, and report to her all I have said."

M. Rameau, habitually the mildest of men, had, in talking, worked himself up into positive fury.

His wife, calmer but more deeply affected, made a piteous sign to the Venosta not to say more, and, without other salutation or adieu, took her husband's arm, and led him from the house.

CHAPTER VI.

OBTAINING from her husband Gustave's address, Madame Rameau hastened to her son's apartment alone through the darkling streets. The house in which he lodged was in a different quarter from that in which Isaura had visited him. Then the street selected was still in the centre of the *beau monde*—now it was within the precincts of that section of the many-faced capital in which the *beau monde* was held in detestation or scorn; still the house had certain pretensions, boasting a court-yard and a porter's lodge. Madame Rameau, instructed to mount *au second*, found the door ajar, and, entering, perceived on the table of the little *salon* the remains of a feast which, however untempting it might have been in happier times, contrasted strongly the meagre fare of which Gustave's parents had deemed themselves fortunate to partake at the board of his betrothed—remnants of those viands which offered to the inquisitive epicure an experiment in food much too costly for the popular stomach—dainty morsels of elephant, hippopotamus, and wolf, interspersed with half-emptied bottles of varied and high-priced wines. Passing these evidences of unseasonable extravagance with a mute sentiment of anger and disgust, Madame Rameau penetrated into a small cabinet, the door of which was also ajar, and saw her son stretched on his bed, half dressed, breathing heavily in the sleep which follows intoxication. She did not attempt to disturb him. She placed herself quietly by his side, gazing mournfully on the face which she had once so proudly contemplated, now haggard and faded—still strangely beautiful, though it was the beauty of ruin.

From time to time he stirred uneasily, and muttered broken words, in which fragments of his own delicately worded verse were incoherently mixed up with ribald slang, addressed to imaginary companions. In his dreams he was evidently living over again his late revel, with episodical diversions into the poet-world, of which he was rather a vagrant nomad than a settled cultivator. Then she would silently bathe his feverish temples with the perfumed water she found on his dressing-table. And so she watched, till, in the middle of the night, he woke up, and recovered the possession of his reason with a quickness that surprised Madame Rameau. He was, indeed, one of those men in whom excess of drink, when slept off, is succeeded by extreme mildness, the effect of nervous exhaustion, and by a dejected repentance, which, to his mother, seemed a propitious lucidity of the moral sense.

Certainly, on seeing her, he threw himself on her breast, and began to shed tears. Madame Rameau had not the heart to reproach him sternly. But by gentle degrees she made him comprehend the pain he had given to his father, and the destitution in which he had deserted his parents and his affianced. In his present mood Gustave was deeply affected by these representations. He excused himself feebly by dwelling on the excitement of the times, the preoccupation of his mind, the example of his companions; but with his excuses he mingled passionate expressions of remorse, and before daybreak mother and son were completely reconciled. Then he fell into a tranquil sleep; and Madame Rameau, quite worn out, slept also, in the chair beside him, her arm around his neck. He awoke before she did, at a late hour in the morning, and, stealing from her arm, went to his *escritoire*, and took forth what money he found there, half of which he poured into her lap, kissing her till she awoke.

"Mother," he said, "henceforth I will work for thee and my father. Take this trifle now; the rest I reserve for Isaura."

"Joy! I have found my boy again. But Isaura—I fear that she will not take thy money, and all thought of her must also be abandoned."

Gustave had already turned to his looking-glass, and was arranging with care his dark ringlets: his personal vanity—his remorse appeased by this pecuniary oblation—had revived.

"No," he said, gayly, "I don't think I shall abandon her; and it is not likely, when she sees and hears me, that she can wish to abandon me! Now let us breakfast, and then I will go at once to her."

In the mean while Isaura, on her return to her apartment at the wintry night-fall, found a cart stationed at the door, and the Venosta on the threshold superintending the removal of various articles of furniture—indeed, all such articles as were not absolutely required.

"Oh, *Piccola!*" she said, with an attempt at cheerfulness, "I did not expect thee back so soon. Hush! I have made a famous bargain. I have found a broker to buy these things, which we don't want just at present, and can replace by new and prettier things when the siege is over and we get our money. The broker pays down on the nail, and thou wilt not go to bed without supper. There are no ills which are not more supportable after food."

Isaura smiled faintly, kissed the Venosta's cheek, and ascended with weary steps to the sitting-room. There she seated herself quietly, looking with abstracted eyes round the bare dismantled space by the light of the single candle.

When the Venosta re-entered she was followed by the servants, bringing in a daintier meal than they had known for days—a genuine rabbit, potatoes, *marrons glacés*, a bottle of wine, and a pannier of wood. The fire was soon lighted, the Venosta plying the bellows. It was not till this banquet, of which Isaura, faint as she was, scarcely partook, had been remitted to the two Italian women-servants, and another log been thrown on the hearth, that the Venosta opened the subject which was pressing on her heart. She did this with a joyous smile, taking both Isaura's hands in her own and stroking them fondly.

"My child, I have such good news for thee! Thou hast escaped—thou art free!" And then she related all that M. Rameau had said, and finished by producing the copy of Gustave's unhallowed journal.

When she had read the latter, which she did with compressed lips and varying color, the girl fell on her knees—not to thank Heaven that she would now escape a union from which her soul so recoiled, not that she was indeed free—but to pray, with tears rolling down her cheeks, that God would yet save to Himself, and to good ends, the soul that she had failed to bring to Him. All previous irritation against Gustave was gone—all had melted into an ineffable compassion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

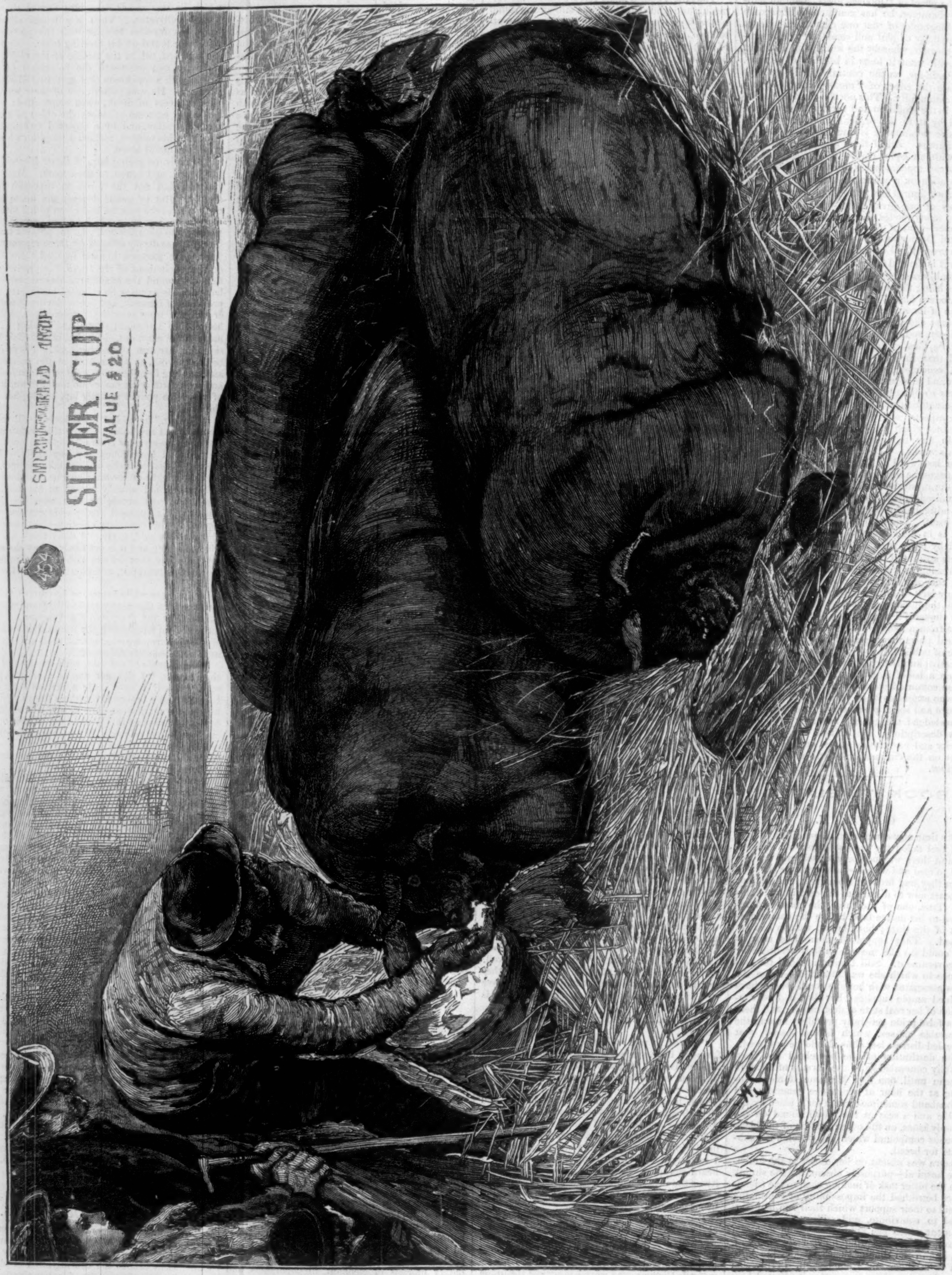
THE GROWTH OF PLANTS.

THE important researches of Bert upon the effect of variations of atmospheric pressure on the phenomena of animal life have lately been extended by him to the consideration of plants, especially in reference to the germination of barley and wheat, which contain albumen, and of cress and turnips, which do not. He finds that, on diminishing the pressure, the germination is proportionally slower, and that it stops at lengths between one and a half and four inches, the seeds not dying, but only becoming inactive. He attributes this to a stoppage of the oxidation necessary to development of the embryo, because of the feeble tension of oxygen. With increase of pressure to two or three atmospheres, the seeds appear to profit somewhat, but above one and a half to two inches there is evident disadvantage, especially for seeds with farinaceous albumen. At very high pressures the seed is killed; it is also killed when submitted to compression after development has commenced. The too great tension diminishes the oxidation; and on examination of the compressed air in which seeds have been sown, it is found that the consumption of oxygen has been much less than at normal pressure. These results have an important bearing on the geographical distribution of plants—a subject which M. Bert hopes to treat of on some future occasion.

PRIZE PIGS.

THE illustration on this page shows the interior of the pen at the cattle-show at Islington, England, where those interesting creatures, the prize pigs, were exhibited. From the placard on the wall it appears that their fortunate owner received the silver cup in recognition of his success in raising the most monstrous specimens of brutish obesity to be found in England.

Our readers may remember that a serious calamity attended this cattle-show, owing to the dense fog that during four successive days overhung London and the surrounding country. So dense and continuous a fog had not been known for some years, and it had a disastrous effect on the cattle. Its foul vapors combined with the gas exhalations, with the breathings of thousands of human and bestial throats, and with the dust raised by spectators' treading, to produce such an unwholesome atmosphere that many of the beasts died, others were killed to save their meat, and others had to be removed to fresher quarters. If this visitation would for the future teach exhibitors not to load their animals with such mountains of fat, the fog will have been a blessing in the guise of a curse. Creatures stuffed to repletion with mangel-wurzel and oil-cake can not be really healthy, and when we see their meat afterward hanging up in the butchers' shops we feel no desire to eat it. The sheep and pigs suffered much less from the fog than their horned brethren. This appears rather curious, especially as regards the pigs, which seem generally in that sort of apoplectic condition, wheezing and struggling for breath, which DICKENS attributes to the landlord of the Maypole Inn in *Barnaby Rudge*. Poor brutes! they were, for the uninstructed million, the most popular part of the show, and they got a deal of unpleasant poking from sticks and umbrellas, though perhaps they were too fat to mind it. Obesity probably rendered them indifferent to every thing, and if they knew that this (which the artist has depicted) was their last supper, and that the butcher's knife was hanging above their heads, they might well rejoice to escape the *tædium vitæ* produced by excessive gorging.



THE FINISHING TOUCH—A SKETCH FROM LIFE AT THE SMITHFIELD CLUB SHOW, ISLINGTON, ENGLAND.

(Continued from No. 890, page 72.)

PHINEAS REDUX.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Lady Anna," "He Knew he was Right,"
"Orley Farm," "Can You Forgive Her?"
"The Small House at Allington,"
"Phineas Finn," etc., etc.

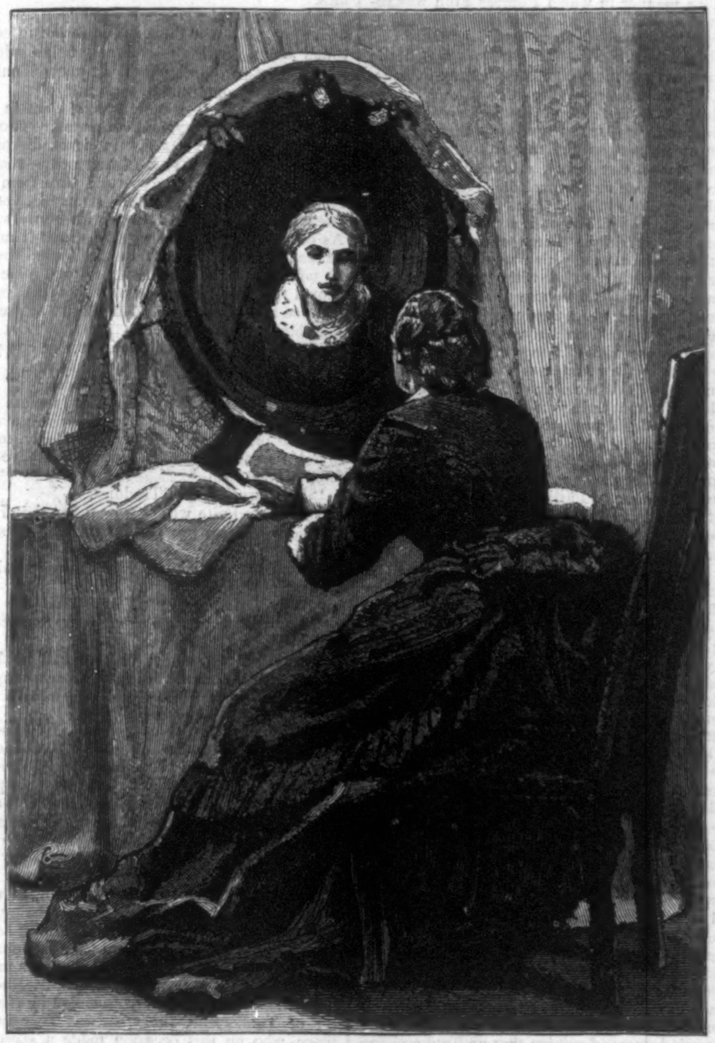
CHAPTER LXX.

THE end of July came, and it was settled that Lady Laura Kennedy should go to Lough Linter. She had been a widow now for nearly three months, and it was thought right that she should go down and see the house and the lands, and the dependents whom her husband had left in her charge. It was now three years since she had seen Lough Linter, and when last she had left it she had made up her mind that she would never place her foot upon the place again. Her wretchedness had all come upon her there. It was there that she had first been subjected to the unendurable tedium of Sabbath-day observances. It was there that she had been instructed in the unpalatable duties that had been expected from her. It was there that she had been punished with the doctor from Callender whenever she attempted escape under the plea of a headache. And it was there, standing by the water-fall, the noise of which could be heard from the front, that Phineas Finn had told her of his love. When she accepted the hand of Robert Kennedy she had known that she had not loved him; but from the moment in which Phineas had spoken to her she knew well that her heart had gone one way, whereas her hand was to go another. From that moment her whole life had quickly become a blank. She had had no period of married happiness—not a month, not an hour. From the moment in which the thing had been done she had found that the man to whom she had bound herself was odious to her, and that the life before her was distasteful to her. Things which before had seemed worthy to her, and full, at any rate, of interest, became at once dull and vapid. Her husband was in Parliament, as had been her father and many of her friends, and, by weight of his own character and her influence, was himself placed high in office; but in his house politics lost all the flavor which they had possessed for him in Portman Square. She had thought that she could, at any rate, do her duty as the mistress of a great household, and as the benevolent lady of a great estate; but household duties under the tutelage of Mr. Kennedy had been impossible to her, and that part of a Scotch Lady Bountiful which she had intended to play seemed to be denied to her. The whole structure had fallen to the ground, and nothing had been left to her.

But she would not sin. Though she could not bring herself to love her husband, she would, at any rate, be strong enough to get out of that other love. Having so resolved, she became as weak as water. She at one time determined to be the guiding genius of the man she loved—a sort of devoted elder sister, intending him to be the intimate friend of her husband; then she had told him not to come to her house, and had been weak enough to let him know why it was that she could not bear his presence. She had failed altogether to keep her secret, and her life during the struggle had become so intolerable to her that she had found herself compelled to desert her husband. He had shown her that he, too, had discovered the truth, and then she had become indignant, and had left him. Every place that she had inhabited with him had become disagreeable to her. The house in London had been so odious that she had asked her intimate friends to come to her in that occupied by her father. But of all spots upon earth Lough Linter had been the most distasteful to her. It was there that the sermons had been the longest, the lessons in accounts the most obstinate, the lectures the most persevering, the dullness the most heavy. It was there that her ears had learned the sound of the wheels of Dr. Macnuthrie's gig. It was there that her spirit had been nearly broken. It was there that, with spirit not broken, she had determined to face all that the world might say of her, and fly from a tyranny which was insupportable. And now the place was her own, and she was told that she must go there as its owner—go there and be potential and beneficent and grandly bland with persons all of whom knew what had been the relations between her and her husband.

And though she had been indignant with her husband when at last she had left him, throwing it in his teeth as an unmanly offense that he had accused her of the truth; though she had felt him to be a tyrant and herself to be a thrall; though the sermons and the lessons and the doctor had each, severally, seemed to her to be horrible cruelties—yet she had known through it all that the fault had been hers, and not his. He only did that which she should have expected when she married him, but she had done none of that which he was entitled to expect from her. The real fault, the deceit, the fraud, the sin, had been with her—and she knew it. Her life had been destroyed, but not by him. His life had also been destroyed, and she had done it. Now he was gone, and she knew that his people—the old mother who was still left alone, his cousins, and the tenants who were now to be her tenants, all said that had she done her duty by him he would still have been alive. And they must hate her the worse because she had never sinned after such a fashion as to liberate him from his bond to her. With a husband's perfect faith in his wife, he had, immediately after his marriage, given to her for her life the lordship over his people, should he be without a child, and should she survive him. In his hottest anger he had not altered that. His constant demand had been that she should come back to him, and be his real wife. And while making that demand, with a persistency which had driven him mad, he had died; and now the place was hers, and they told her that she must go and live there!

It is a very sad thing for any human being to have to say to himself, with an earnest belief in his own assertion, that all the joy of this world is over for him; and it is the sadder because such conviction is apt to exclude the hope of other joy. This woman had said so to herself very often during the last two years, and had certainly been sincere. What was there in store for her? She was banished from the society of all those she liked. She bore a name that was hateful to her. She loved a man whom she could never see. She was troubled about money. Nothing in life had any taste for her. All the joys of the world were over, and had been lost by her own fault. Then Phineas Finn had come to her at Dresden, and now her husband was dead!



"SHE SAT OPPOSITE THE MIRROR, AND PORED OVER HER OWN FEATURES."

Could it be that she was entitled to hope that the sun might rise again for her once more, and another day be re-opened for her with a gorgeous morning. She was rich and still young—or young enough. She was two-and-thirty, and had known many women—women still honored with the name of girls—who had commenced the world successfully at that age. And this man had loved her once. He had told her so, and had afterward kissed her when informed of her own engagement. How well she remembered it all! He, too, had gone through vicissitudes in life, had married and retired out of the world, had returned to it, and had gone through fire and water. But now every body was saying good things of him, and all he wanted was the splendor which wealth would give him. Why should he not take it at her hands, and why should not the world begin again for both of them?

But though she would dream that it might be so, she was quite sure that there was no such life in store for her. The nature of the man was too well known to her. Fickle he might be—or rather capable of change than fickle; but he was incapable of pretending to love when he did not love. She had felt that in all the moments in which he had been most tender with her. When she had endeavored to explain to him the state of her feelings at Königstein—meaning to be true in what she said, but not having been even then true throughout—she had acknowledged to herself that at every word she spoke she was wounded by his coldness. Had he then professed a passion for her she would have rebuked him, and told him that he must go from her, but it would have warmed the blood in all her veins, and brought back to her a sense of youthful life. It had been the same when she visited him in the prison—the same, again, when he came to her after his acquittal. She had been frank enough to him, but he would not even pretend that he loved her. His gratitude, his friendship, his services, were all hers. In every respect he had behaved well to her. All his troubles had come upon him because he would not desert her cause, but he would never again say that he loved her.

She gazed at herself in the glass, putting aside for the moment the hideous widow's cap which she now wore, and told herself that it was natural that it should be so. Though she was young in years, her features were hard and worn with care. She had never thought herself to be a beauty, though she had been conscious of a certain aristocratic grace of manner which might stand in the place of beauty. As she examined herself she found that that was not all gone, but now lacked that roundness of youth which had been hers when first she knew Phineas Finn. She sat opposite the mirror, and pored over her own features with an almost skillful scrutiny, and told herself at last aloud that she had become an old woman. He was in the prime of life, but for her was left nothing but its dregs.

She was to go to Lough Linter with her brother and her brother's wife, leaving her father at Saulsby on the way. The Chilterns were to remain with her for one week, and no more. Lord Chiltern's presence was demanded in the Brake country, and it was with difficulty that he had been induced to give her so much of his time. But what was she to do when they should leave her? How could she live alone in that great house, thinking, as she ever must think, of all that had happened to her there? It seemed to her that every body near to her was cruel in demanding from her such a sacrifice of her comfort. Her father had shuddered when she had proposed to him to accompany her to Lough Linter; but her father was one of those who insisted on the propriety of her going there. Then, in spite of that lesson which she had taught herself while sitting opposite to the glass, she allowed her fancy to revel in the idea of having Phineas with her as she wandered over the braes. She saw him a day or two before her journey, when she told him her plans as she might tell them to any friend. Lady Chiltern and her father had been present, and there had been then no special sign in her outward manner of the mingled tenderness and soreness of her heart within. No allusion had been made to any visit from him to the North. She would not have dared to suggest it in the presence of her brother, and was now almost as much cowed by her brother's wife. But when she was done, on the eve of her departure, she wrote to him as follows:

"SUNDAY, *August* 1.

"DEAR FRIEND,—I thought that perhaps you might have come in this afternoon, and I have not left the house all day. I was so wretched that I could not go to church in the morning; and when the afternoon came, I preferred the chance of seeing you to going out with Violet. We two were alone all the evening, and I did not give you up till nearly ten. I dare say you were right not to come. I should only have bored you with my complaints, and have grumbled to you of evils which you can not cure.

"We start at nine to-morrow, and get to Saulsby in the afternoon. Such a family party as we shall be! I did fancy that Oswald would escape it; but, like every body else, he has changed, and has become domestic and dutiful. Not but that he is as tyrannous as ever; but his tyranny is now that of the responsible father of a family. Papa can not understand him at all, and is dreadfully afraid of him. We stay two nights at Saulsby, and then go on to Scotland, leaving papa at home.

"Of course it is very good in Violet and Oswald to come with me—if, as they say, it be necessary for me to go at all. As to living there by myself, it seems to me to be impossible. You know the place well—and can you imagine me there all alone, surrounded by Scotch men and women, who, of course, must hate and despise me, afraid of every face that I see, and reminded even by the chairs and tables of all that is past? I have told papa that I know I shall be back at Saulsby before the middle of the month. He frets, and says nothing; but he tells Violet, and then she lectures me in that wise way of hers which enables her to say such hard things with so much seeming tenderness. She asks me why I do not take a companion with me, as I am so much afraid of solitude. Where on earth should I find a companion who would not be worse than solitude? I do feel now that I have mistaken life in having so little used myself to the small resources of feminine companionship. I love Violet dearly, and I used to be always happy in her society. But even with her now I feel but a half sympathy. That girl that she has with her is more to her than I am, because after the first half hour I grow tired about her babies. I have never known any other woman with whom I have cared to be alone. How then shall I content myself with a companion, hired by the quarter, perhaps from some advertisement in a newspaper?

"No companionship of any kind seems possible to me—and yet never was a human being more weary of herself. I sometimes wonder whether I could go again and sit in that cage in the House of Commons to hear you and other men speak—as I used to do. I do not believe that any eloquence in the world would make it endurable to me. I hardly care who is in or out, and do not understand the things which my cousin Barrington tells me—so long does it seem since I was in the midst of them all. Not but that I am intensely anxious that you should be back. They tell me that you will certainly be re-elected this week, and that all the House will receive you with open arms. I should have liked, had it been possible, to be once more in the cage to see that. But I am such a coward that I did not even dare to propose to stay for it. Violet would have told me that such manifestation of interest was unfit for my condition as a widow. But in truth, Phineas, there is nothing else now that does interest me. If, looking on from a distance, I can see you succeed, I shall try once more to care for the questions of the day. When you have succeeded, as I know you will, it will be some consolation to me to think that I also helped a little.

"I suppose I must not ask you to come to Lough Linter? But you will know best. If you will do so, I shall care nothing for what any one may say. Oswald hardly mentions your name in my hearing, and of course I know of what he is thinking. When I am with him I am afraid of him, because it would add infinitely to my grief were I driven to quarrel with him; but I am my own mistress as much as he is his own master, and I will not regulate my conduct by his wishes. If you please to come you will be welcome as flowers in May. Ah, how weak are such words in giving any idea of the joy with which I should see you! God bless you, Phineas.

"Your most affectionate friend,
"LAURA KENNEDY.

"Write to me at Lough Linter. I shall long to hear that you have taken your seat immediately on your re-election. Pray do not lose a day. I am sure that all your friends will advise you as I do."

Throughout her whole letter she was struggling to tell him once again of her love, and yet to do it in some way of which she need not be ashamed. It was not till she had come to the last words that she could force her pen to speak of her affection, and then the words did not come freely as she would have had them. She knew that he would not come to Lough Linter. She felt that were he to do so he would come only as a suitor for her hand, and that such a suit, in these early days of her widowhood, carried on in her late husband's house, would be held to be disgraceful. As regarded herself, she would have faced all that for the sake of the thing to be attained. But she knew that he would not come. He had become wise by experience, and would perceive the result of such coming—and would avoid it. His answer to her letter reached Lough Linter before she did:

"GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, *Monday night.*

"DEAR LADY LAURA,—I should have called in the square last night, only that I feel that Lady Chiltern must be weary of the woes of so doleful a person as myself. I dined and spent the evening with the Lows, and was quite aware that I disgraced myself with them by being perpetually lachrymose. As a rule, I do not think that I am more given than other people to talk of myself, but I am conscious of a certain incapability of getting rid of myself what has grown upon me since those weary weeks in Newgate and those frightful days in the dock; and this makes me unfit for society. Should I again have a seat in the House I shall be afraid to get upon my legs, lest I should find myself talking of the time in which I stood before the judge with a halter round my neck.

"I sympathize with you perfectly in what you say about Lough Linter. It may be right that you should go there and show yourself, so that those who knew the Kennedys in Scotland should not say that you had not dared to visit the place; but I do not think it possible that you should live there as yet. And why should you do so? I can not conceive that your presence there should do good, unless you took delight in the place.

"I will not go to Lough Linter myself, although I know how warm would be my welcome." (When he had got so far with his letter he found the difficulty of going on with it to be insuperable. How could he give her any reasons for his not making the journey to Scotland? People would say that you and I should not be alone together after all the evil that has been spoken of us—and would be specially eager in saying so were I now to visit you, so lately made a widow, and to sojourn with you in the house that did belong to your husband. Only think how eloquent would be the indignation of the *People's Banner* were it known that I was at Lough Linter. Could he have spoken the truth openly, such were the reasons that he would have given; but it was impossible that such truths should be written by him in a letter to herself. And then it was almost equally difficult for him to tell her of a visit which he had resolved to make. But the letter must be completed, and at last the words were written.) "I could be of no real service to you there, as will be your brother and your brother's wife, even though their stay with you is to be so short. Were I you I would go out among the people as much as possible, even though they should not receive you cordially at first. Though we have so much of clanship in the Highlands, I think the Highlanders are prone to cling to any one who has territorial authority among them. They thought a great deal of Mr. Kennedy, but they had never heard his name fifty years ago. I suppose you will return to Saulsby soon, and then, perhaps, I may be able to see you.

"In the mean time I am going to Matching." (This difficulty was worse even than the other.) "Both the Duke and Duchess have asked me, and I know that I am bound to make an effort to face my fellow-creatures again. The horrors I feel at being stared at, as the man that was not—hung as a murderer, is stronger than I can describe; and I am well aware that I shall be talked to and made a wonder of on that ground. I am told that I am to be re-elected triumphantly at Tankerville, without a penny of cost or the trouble of asking for a vote, simply because I didn't knock poor Mr. Bonteen on the head. This to me is abominable, but I can not help myself, unless I resolve to go away and hide myself. That I know can not be right, and therefore I had better go through it and have done with it. Though I am to be stared at, I shall not be stared at very long. Some other monster will come up and take my place, and I shall be the only person who will not forget it all. Therefore I have accepted the Duke's invitation, and shall go to Matching some time in the end of August. All the world is to be there.

"This re-election—and I believe I shall be re-elected to-morrow—would be altogether distasteful to me were it not that I feel that I should not allow myself to be cut to pieces by what has occurred. I shall hate to go back to the House, and have somehow learned to dislike and distrust all those things that used to be so fine and lively to me. I don't think that I believe any more in the party—or, rather, in the men who lead it. I used to have a faith that now seems to me to be marvelous. Even twelve months ago, when I was beginning to think of standing for Tankerville, I believed that on our side the men were patriotic angels, and that Daubeny and his friends were all fiends or idiots—mostly idiots, but with a strong dash of fiendism to control them. It has all come now to one common level of poor human interests; I doubt whether patriotism can stand the wear and tear and temptation of the front benches in the House of Commons. Men are flying at each other's throats, thrusting and parrying, making false accusations and defenses equally false, lying and slandering—sometimes picking and stealing—till they themselves become unaware of the magnificence of their own position, and forget that they are expected to be great. Little tricks of sword-play engage all their skill. And the consequence is that there is no reverence now for any man in the House—none of that feeling which we used to entertain for Mr. Mildmay.

"Of course I write, and feel, as a discontented man, and what I say to you I would not say to any other human being. I did long most anxiously for office, having made up my mind a second time to look to it as a profession. But I meant to earn my bread honestly, and give it up, as I did before, when I could not keep it with a clear conscience. I knew that I was hustled out of the object of my poor ambition by that unfortunate man who has been hurried to his fate. In such a position I ought to distrust, and do partly distrust, my own feelings. And I am aware that I have been soured by prison indignation. But still the conviction remains with me that Parliamentary interests are not those battles of gods and giants as which I used to regard them. Our Gyas with the hundred hands is but a Three-fingered Jack, and I sometimes think that we share our great Jove with the Strand Theatre. Nevertheless I shall go back, and if they will make me a joint lord to-morrow, I shall be in heaven!

"I do not know why I should write all this to you except that there is no one else to whom I can say it. There is no one else who would give a moment of time to such lamentations. My friends will expect me to talk to them of my experiences in the dock rather than politics, and will want to know what rations I had in Newgate. I went to call on the governor only yesterday, and visited the old room. 'I never could really bring myself to think that you did it, Mr. Finn,' he said. I looked at him and smiled, but I should have liked to fly at his throat. Why, did he not know that the charge was a monstrous absurdity? Talking of that, not even you were truer to me than your brother. One expects it from a woman—both the truth and the discernment.

"I have written to you a cruelly long letter; but when one's mind is full, such relief is sometimes better than talking. Pray answer it before long, and let me know what you intend to do. Yours most affectionately,

"Phineas Finn."

She did read the letter through—read it probably more than once; but there was only one sentence in it that had for her any enduring interest. "I will not go to Lough Linter myself." Though she had known that he would not come, her heart sank within her, as though now, at this moment, the really fatal wound had at last been inflicted. But, in truth, there was another sentence as a complement to the first, which riveted the dagger in her bosom. "In the mean time I am going to Matching." Throughout his letter the name of that woman was not mentioned, but of course she would be there. The thing had all been arranged in order that they two might be brought together. She told herself that she had always hated that intriguing woman, Lady Glencora. She read the remainder of the letter, and understood it; but she read it all in connection with the beauty and the wealth and the art—and the cunning of Madame Max Goesler.

CHAPTER LXXI.

PHINEAS FINN IS RE-ELECTED.

The manner in which Phineas Finn was returned a second time for the borough of Tankerville was memorable among the annals of English elections. When the news reached the town that their member was to be tried for murder, no doubt every elector believed that he was guilty. It is the natural assumption when the police and magistrates and lawyers, who have been at work upon the matter carefully, have come to that conclusion, and nothing but private knowledge or personal affection will stand against such evidence. At Tankerville there was nothing of either, and our hero's guilt was taken as a certainty. There was an interest felt in the whole matter which was full of excitement, and not altogether without delight to the Tankervillians. Of course the borough, as a borough, would never again hold up its head. There had never been known such an occasion happen in the whole history of this country as the hanging of a member of the House of Commons. And this member of Parliament was to be hung for murdering another member, which, no doubt, added much to the importance of the transaction. A large party in the borough declared that it was a judgment. Tankerville had degraded itself among boroughs by sending a Roman Catholic to Parliament, and had done so at the very moment in which the Church of England was being brought into danger. This was what had come upon the borough by not sticking to honest Mr. Browborough! There was a moment—just before the trial was begun—in which a large proportion of the electors was desirous of proceeding to work at once, and of sending Mr. Browborough back to his own place. It was thought that Phineas Finn should be made to resign. And very wise men in Tankerville were much surprised when they were told that a member of Parliament can not resign his seat—that when once returned he is supposed to be, as long as that Parliament shall endure, the absolute slave of his constituency and his country, and that he can escape from his servitude only by accepting some office under the Crown. Now it was held to be impossible that a man charged with murder should be appointed even to the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds. The House, no doubt, could expel a member, and would, as a matter of course, expel the member for Tankerville, but the House could hardly proceed to expulsion before the member's guilt could have been absolutely established. So it came to pass that there was no escape for the borough from any part of the disgrace to which it had subjected itself by its unworthy thorn, and some Tankervillians of sensitive minds were of opinion that no Tankervillian ever again ought to take part in politics.

Then, quite suddenly, there came into the borough the tidings that Phineas Finn was an innocent man. This happened on the morning on which the three telegrams from Prague reached London. The news conveyed by the telegrams was at Tankerville almost as soon as in the court at the Old Bailey, and was believed as readily. The name of the lady who had traveled all the way to Bohemia on behalf of their handsome young member was on the tongue of every woman in Tankerville, and a most delightful romance was composed. Some few Protestant spirits regretted the now assured escape of their Roman Catholic enemy, and would not even yet allow themselves to doubt that the whole murder had been arranged by Divine Providence to bring down the scarlet woman. It seemed to them to be so fitting a thing that Providence should interfere directly to punish a town in which the sins of the scarlet woman were not held to be abominable! But the multitude were soon convinced that their member was innocent; and as it was certain that he had been in great peril—as it was known that he was still in durance, and as it was necessary that the trial should proceed, and that he should still stand at least for another day in the dock, he became more than ever a hero. Then came the further delay, and at last the triumphant conclusion of the trial. When acquitted, Phineas Finn was still member for Tankerville, and might have walked into the House on that very night. Instead of doing so, he had at once asked for the accustomed means of escape from his servitude, and the seat for Tankerville was vacant. The most loving friends of Mr. Browborough perceived at once that there was not a chance for him. The borough was all but unanimous in resolving that it would return no one as its member but the man who had been unjustly accused of murder.

Mr. Ruddles was at once dispatched to London with two other political spirits—so that there might be a real deputation—and waited upon Phineas two days after his release from prison. Ruddles was very anxious to carry his member back with him, assuring Phineas of an entry into the borough so triumphant that nothing like to it had ever been known at Tankerville. But to all this Phineas was quite deaf. At first he declined even to be first in nomination. "You can't escape from it, Mr. Finn—you can't, indeed," said Ruddles. "You don't at all understand the enthusiasm of the borough; does he, Mr. Gadmire?"

"I never knew any thing like it in my life before," said Gadmire.

"I believe Mr. Finn would poll two-thirds of the Church party to-morrow," said Mr. Troddles, a leading Dissenter in Tankerville, who on this occasion was the third member of the deputation.

"I needn't sit for the borough unless I please, I suppose," pleaded Phineas.

"Well, no—at least I don't know," said Ruddles. "It would be throwing us over a good deal, and I'm sure you are not the gentleman to do that. And then, Mr. Finn, don't you see that though you have been knocked about a little lately—"

"By George, he has—most cruel," said Troddles.

"You'll miss the House if you give it up; you will, after a bit, Mr. Finn. You've got to come round again, Mr. Finn—if I may be so bold as to say so—and you shouldn't put yourself out of the way of coming round comfortably."

Phineas knew that there was wisdom in the words of Mr. Ruddles, and consented. Though at this moment he was low in heart, disgusted with the world, and sick of humanity—though every point in his body was still sore from the rack on which he had been stretched, yet he knew that it would not be so with him always. As others recovered, so would he, and it might be that he would live to "miss the House," should he now refuse the offer made to him. He accepted the offer, but he did so with a positive assurance that no consideration should at present take him to Tankerville.

"We ain't going to charge you, not one penny," said Mr. Gadmire, with enthusiasm.

"I feel all that I owe to the borough," said Phineas, "and to the warm friends there who have espoused my cause; but I am not in a condition at present, either of mind or body, to put myself forward any where in public. I have suffered a great deal."

"Most cruel!" said Troddles.

"And am quite willing to confess that I am therefore unfit in my present position to serve the borough."

"We can't admit that," said Gadmire, raising his left hand.

"We mean to have you," said Troddles.

"There isn't a doubt about your re-election, Mr. Finn," said Ruddles.

"I am very grateful, but I can not be there. I must trust to one of you gentlemen to explain to the electors that in my present condition I am unable to visit the borough."

Messrs. Ruddles, Gadmire, and Troddles returned to Tankerville—disappointed, no doubt, at not bringing with them him whose company would have made their feet glorious on the pavement of their native town—but still with a comparative sense of their own importance in having seen the great sufferer whose woes forbade that he should be beheld by common eyes. They never even expressed an idea that he ought to have come, alluding even to their past convictions as to the futility of hoping for such a blessing, but spoke of him as a personage made almost sacred by the sufferings which he had been made to endure. As to the election, that would be a matter of course. He was proposed by Mr. Ruddles himself, and was absolutely seconded by the rector of Tankerville, the stanchest Tory in the place, who on this occasion made a speech in which he declared that, as an Englishman, loving justice, he could not allow any political or even any religious consideration to bias his conduct on this occasion. Mr. Finn had thrown up his seat under the pressure of a false accusation, and it was, the rector thought, for the honor of the borough that the seat should be restored to him. So Phineas Finn was re-elected for Tankerville without opposition and without expense; and for six weeks after the ceremony parcels were showered upon him by the ladies of the borough, who sent him worked slippers, scarlet hunting waistcoats, pocket-handkerchiefs, with "P. F." beautifully embroidered, and chains made of their own hair.

In this conjunction of affairs the editor of the *People's Banner* found it somewhat difficult to trim his sails. It was a rule of life with Mr. Quintus Slide to persecute an enemy. An enemy might at any time become a friend, but while an enemy was an enemy he should be trodden on and persecuted. Mr. Slide had striven more than once to make a friend of Phineas Finn; but Phineas Finn had been conceited and stiff-necked. Phineas had been to Mr. Slide an enemy of enemies, and by all his ideas of manliness, by all the rules of his life, by every principle which guided him, he was bound to persecute Phineas to the last. During the trial and the few weeks before the trial he had written various short articles with the view of declaring how improper it would be should a newspaper express any opinion of the guilt or innocence of a suspected person while under trial, and he gave two or three severe blows to contemporaries for having sinned in the matter; but in all these articles he had contrived to insinuate that the member for Tankerville would, as a matter of course, be dealt with by the hands of justice. He had been very careful to recapitulate all circumstances which had induced Finn to hate the murdered man, and had more than once related the story of the firing of the pistol at Macpherson's Hotel. Then came the telegram from Prague, and for a day or two Mr. Slide was stricken dumb. The acquittal followed, and Quintus Slide had found himself compelled to join in the general satisfaction evinced at the escape of an innocent man. Then came the re-election for Tankerville, and Mr. Slide felt that there was opportunity for another reaction. More than enough had been done for Phineas Finn in allowing him to illude the gallows. There could certainly be no need for crowning him with a political chaplet because he had not murdered Mr. Bonteen. Among a few other remarks which Mr. Slide threw together the following appeared in the columns of the *People's Banner:*

"We must confess that we hardly understand the principle on which Mr. Finn has been re-elected for Tankerville with so much enthusiasm, free of expense, and without that usual compliment to the constituency which is implied by the personal appearance of the candidate. We have more than once expressed our belief that he was wrongly accused in the matter of Mr. Bonteen's murder. Indeed, our readers will do us the justice to remember that, during the trial and before the trial, we were always anxious to allay the very strong feeling against Mr. Finn with which the public mind was then imbued, not only by the facts of the murder, but also by the previous conduct of that gentleman. But we can not understand why the late member should be thought by the electors of Tankerville to be especially worthy of their confidence because he did not murder Mr. Bonteen. He himself, instigated, we hope, by a proper feeling, retired from Parliament as soon as he was acquitted. His career during the last twelve months has not enhanced his credit, and can not, we should think, have increased his comfort. We ventured to suggest, after that affair in Judd Street, as to which the police were so benignly inefficient, that it would not be for the welfare of the nation that a gentleman should be employed in the public service whose public life had been marked by the misfortune which had attended Mr. Finn. Great efforts were made by various ladies of the old Whig party to obtain official employment for him, but they were made in vain. Mr. Gresham was too wise, and our advice, we will not say was followed, but was found to agree with the decision of the Prime Minister. Mr. Finn was left out in the cold in spite of his great friends—and then came the murder of Mr. Bonteen.

"Can it be that Mr. Finn's fitness for Parliamentary duties has been increased by Mr. Bonteen's unfortunate death, or by the fact that Mr. Bonteen was murdered by other hands than his own? We think not. The wretched husband, who, in the madness of jealousy, fired a pistol at this young man's head, has since died in his madness. Does that incident in the drama give Mr. Finn any special claim to consideration? We think not; and we think also that the electors of Tankerville would have done better had they allowed Mr. Finn to return to that obscurity which he seems to have desired. The electors of Tankerville, however, are responsible only to their borough, and may do as they please with the seat in Parliament which is at their disposal. We may, however, protest against the employment of an unfit person in the service of his country, simply because he has not committed a murder. We say so much now because rumors of an arrangement have reached our ears which, should it come to pass, would force upon us the extremely disagreeable duty of referring very forcibly to past circumstances, which may otherwise, perhaps, be allowed to be forgotten."

CHAPTER LXXII.

THE END OF THE STORY OF MR. EMILIUS AND LADY EUSTACE.

The interest in the murder by no means came to an end when Phineas Finn was acquitted. The new facts which served so thoroughly to prove him innocent tended with almost equal weight to prove another man guilty. And the other man was already in custody on a charge which had subjected him to the peculiar ill-will of the British public. He, a foreigner and a Jew, by name Yosef Mealyus—as every one was now very careful to call him—had come to England, had got himself to be ordained as a clergyman, had called himself Emilius, and had married a rich wife with a title, although he had a former wife still living in his own country. Had he called himself Jones, it would have been better for him; but there was something in the name of Emilius which added a peculiar sting to his iniquities. It was now known that the bigamy could be certainly proved, and that his last victim—our old friend, poor little Lizzie Eustace—would be rescued from his clutches. She would once more be a free woman, and as she had been strong enough to defend her future income from his grasp, she was perhaps as fortunate as she deserved to be. She was still young and pretty, and there might come another lover more desirable than Yosef Mealyus. That the man would have to undergo the punishment of bigamy in its severest form there was no doubt; but would law and justice and the prevailing desire for revenge be able to get at him in such a way that he might be hung? There certainly did exist a strong desire to prove Mr. Emilius to have been a murderer, so that there might come a fitting termination to his career in Great Britain.

The police seemed to think that they could make but little either of the coat or of the key, unless other evidence, that would be almost sufficient in itself, should be found. Lord Fawn was informed that his testimony would probably be required at another trial, which intimation affected him so grievously that his friends for a week or two thought that he would altogether sink under his miseries. But he would say nothing which would seem to criminate Mealyus. A man hurrying along with a gray coat was all that he could swear to now, professing himself to be altogether ignorant whether the man, as seen by him, had been tall or short. And then the manufacture of the key—though it was that which made every one feel sure that Mealyus was the murderer—did not, in truth, afford the slightest evidence against him. Even had it been proved that he had certainly used the false key and left Mrs. Meager's house on the night in question, that would not have sufficed at all to prove that therefore he had committed a murder in Berkeley Street. No doubt Mr. Bonteen had been his enemy—and Mr. Bonteen had been murdered by an enemy. But so great had been the man's luck that no real evidence seemed to touch him. Nobody doubted; but then but few had doubted before as to the guilt of Phineas Finn.

There was one other fact by which the truth might, it was hoped, still be reached. Mr. Bonteen had, of course, been killed by the weapon which had been found in the garden. As to that a general certainty prevailed. Mrs. Meager and Miss Meager, and the maid-of-all-work belonging to the Meagers, and even Lady Eustace, were examined as to this bludgeon. Had any thing of the kind ever been seen in the possession of the clergyman? The clergyman had been so sly that nothing of the kind had been seen. Of the drawers and cupboards which he used Mrs. Meager had always possessed duplicate keys, and Miss Meager frankly acknowledged that she had a general and fairly accurate acquaintance with the contents of these receptacles; but there had always been a big trunk with an impenetrable lock—a lock which required that even if you had the key, you should be acquainted with a certain combination of letters before you could open it—and of that trunk no one had seen the inside. As a matter of course, the weapon, when brought to London, had been kept altogether hidden in the trunk. Nothing could be easier. But a man can not be hung because he has a secret hiding-place in which a murderous weapon may have been stowed away.

But might it not be possible to trace the weapon? Mealyus, on his return from Prague, had certainly come through Paris. So much was learned—and it was also learned as a certainty that the article was of French, and probably of Parisian, manufacture. If it could be proved that the man had bought this weapon, or even such a weapon, in Paris, then—so said all the police authorities—it might be worth while to make an attempt to hang him. Men very skillful in unraveling such mysteries were sent to Paris, and the police of that capital entered upon the search with most praiseworthy zeal. But the number of life-preservers which had been sold altogether baffled them. It seemed that nothing was so common as that gentlemen should walk about with bludgeons in their pockets covered with leathern thongs. A young woman and an old man who thought that they could recollect something of a special sale were brought over—and saw the splendors of London under very favorable circumstances; but when confronted with Mr. Emilius, neither could venture to identify him. A large sum of money was expended—no doubt justified by the high position which poor Mr. Bonteen had filled in the councils of the nation; but it was expended in vain. Mr. Bonteen had been murdered in the streets at the West End of London. The murderer was known to every body. He had been seen a minute or two before the murder. The motive which had induced the crime was apparent. The weapon with which it had been perpetrated had been found. The murderer's diguise had been discovered. The cunning with which he had endeavored to prove that he was in bed at home had been unraveled, and the criminal purpose of his cunning made altogether manifest. Every man's eye could see the whole thing from the moment in which the murderer crept out of Mrs. Meager's house, with Mr. Meager's coat upon his shoulders and the life-preserver in his pocket, till he was seen by Lord Fawn hurrying out of the mews to his prey. The blows from the bludgeon could be counted. The very moment in which they had been struck had been ascertained. His very act in hurling the weapon over the wall was all but seen. And yet nothing could be done. "It is a very dangerous thing hanging a man on circumstantial evidence," said Sir Gregory Grogram, who, a couple of months since, had felt almost sure that his honorable friend Phineas Finn would have to be hung on circumstantial evidence. The police and magistrates and lawyers all agreed that it would be useless, and indeed wrong, to send the case before a jury. But there had been quite sufficient evidence against Phineas Finn!

In the mean time the trial for bigamy proceeded, in order that poor little Lizzie Eustace might be freed from the incubus which afflicted her. Before the end of July she was made once more a free woman, and the Rev. Joseph Emilius—under which name it was thought proper that he should be tried—was convicted and sentenced to penal servitude for five years. A very touching appeal was made for him to the jury by a learned sergeant, who declared that his client was to lose his wife and to be punished with extreme severity as a bigamist because it was found to be impossible to bring home against him a charge of murder. There was, perhaps, some truth in what the learned sergeant said, but the truth had no effect upon the jury. Mr. Emilius was found guilty as quickly as Phineas Finn had been acquitted, and was, perhaps, treated with a severity which the single crime would hardly have elicited. But all this happened in the middle of the efforts which were being made to trace the purchase of the bludgeon, and when men hoped two, or five, or twenty-five years of threatened incarceration might be all the same to Mr. Emilius. Could they have succeeded in discovering where he had bought the weapon, his years of penal servitude would have afflicted him but little. They did not succeed; and though it can not be said that any mystery was attached to the Bonteen murder, it has remained one of those crimes which are unavenged by the flagging law. And so the Rev. Mr. Emilius will pass away from our story.

There must be one or two words further respecting poor little Lizzie Eustace. She still had her income almost untouched, having been herself unable to squander it during her late married life, and having succeeded in saving it from the clutches of her pseudo-husband. And she had her title, of which no one could rob her, and her castle down in Ayrshire—which, however, as a place of residence she had learned to hate most thoroughly. Nor had she done any thing which of itself must necessarily have put her out of the pale of society. As a married woman she had had no lovers, and, when a widow, very little fault in that line had been brought home against her. But the world at large seemed to be sick of her. Mr. Bonteen had been her best friend, and, while it was still thought that Phineas Finn had committed the murder, with Mrs. Bonteen she had remained. But it was impossible that the arrangement should be continued when it became known—for it was known—that Mr. Bonteen had been murdered by the man who was still Lizzie's reputed husband. Not that Lizzie perceived this, though she was averse to the idea of her husband having been a murderer. But Mrs. Bonteen perceived it, and told her friend that she must—go. It was most unwillingly that the wretched widow changed her faith as to the murderer; but at last she found herself bound to believe as the world believed; and then she hinted to the wife of Mr. Emilius that she had better find another home.

"I don't believe it a bit," said Lizzie.

"It is not a subject I can discuss," said the widow.

"And I don't see that it makes any difference. He isn't my husband. You have said that yourself very often, Mrs. Bonteen."

"It is better that we shouldn't be together, Lady Eustace."

"Oh, I can go, of course, Mrs. Bonteen. There needn't be the slightest trouble about that. I had thought that perhaps it might be convenient; but of course you know best."

She went forth into lodgings in Half Moon Street, close to the scene of the murder, and was once more alone in the world. She had a child, indeed, the son of her first husband, as to whom it behooved many to be anxious who stood high in rank and high in repute; but such had been Lizzie's manner of life that neither her own relations nor those of her husband could put up with her, or endure her contact. And yet she was conscious of no special sins, and regarded herself as one who, with a tender heart of her own, and a too confiding spirit, had been much injured by the cruelty of those with whom she had been thrown. Now she was alone, weeping in solitude, pitying herself with deepest compassion; but it never occurred to her that there was any thing in her conduct that she need alter. She would still continue to play her game as before, would still scheme, would still lie, and might still, at last, land herself in that Elysium of life of which she had been always dreaming. Poor Lizzie Eustace! Was it nature or education which had made it impossible to her to tell the truth when a lie came to her hand? Lizzie, the liar! Poor Lizzie!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ENCHANTED STONES.

A HOLIDAY STORY FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

IN the country of Vannes, near the sea, lies the village of Plouhinec, in a dry, sterile tract of land, so unproductive that it affords scarcely grass or herbage enough to keep the cattle alive, and where the swine even look half starved and thin. Instead of cultivated fields there are moorlands only, and forests of pine-trees. But the country is covered with an immense number of stones, large and small, which would furnish material enough to build a great city. The largest of these stones had in olden times been planted by the dwarfs in two long rows in order to form an avenue.

At a short distance from this stately avenue flowed a river, and near its banks in former times lived Marcinne, the richest of the people thereabouts. His larder always contained a bountiful supply of salt pork and black bread, and on Palm-Sunday, at the consecration of the laurel, he invariably wore, in honor of that ceremony, a pair of new wooden shoes. Marcinne was proud, and his petted and indulged sister Rosa had hitherto refused to listen to any offer of marriage, because none of her admirers had sufficient wealth to gratify her ambition. Among Rosa's many adorers was one, a worthy Christian youth, named Bernec, who had lost his parents when young, and receiving for his inheritance only his father's good-will, was obliged to support himself by the work of his hands. When he entered the parish as an artisan's apprentice he was a lad, and Rosa but a little girl. Under his eyes she had grown to be a fair and beautiful maiden, and he deemed her the loveliest creature in the whole land. The people of the parish, however, knowing how matters stood, would frequently say, "Bernec loves Rosa, but he can never win her; truly, a heretic might as well hope to enter heaven."

But Rosa proved not insensible to Bernec's evident devotion, and she secretly returned his love. Above all, her brother too had a liking for the young fellow, and was more than half inclined to grant him his sister's hand.

One Christmas-eve Marcinne, having invited to his house all the youths and maidens from the neighborhood, had hospitably prepared for their entertainment a generous repast of sausages, wheat porridge, and honey. But the weather proved unfavorable. A storm howled and shrieked and whistled around, so that only a few of the bidden guests came, and even these did not appear until a late hour. The moment they arrived dinner was served. All except Bernec viewed with complacency the smoking sausages and wheat porridge upon the hearth: he alone gave no heed to either, but had only eyes for the blushing countenance of his beloved Rosa.

Just as the company were seated the door opened, and an old man entered. Although clothed in beggar's rags, he walked in without the slightest ceremony, and requested something to eat. No one gave him a word of greeting, such as ordinary beggars would receive; for this strange being was feared and shunned by all the parish. He was never seen at church, and it was believed that he was a sorcerer, who could cast a spell over animals, blacken the corn in the ear, and that he even had power to change a person who displeased him into a were-wolf. Not daring to do otherwise, Marcinne bestowed upon the old man a portion of the repast, and gave him a seat by the fire.

When, after satisfying his hunger, the beggar inquired where he should sleep, Marcinne directed him to a stable occupied by his scrubby donkey and very attenuated ox. There directly between these animals this miserable being lay down, in order to keep warm. He placed a pillow of moorland grass under his head, and was well-nigh lost in slumber when twelve strokes announced the hour of midnight.

Scarcely had the last stroke sounded when the old donkey shook his long ears, and turning to the lean ox, asked, in friendly tones, "Well, cousin, how hast thou been since last Christmas?"

The ox, casting a sideward glance at the beggar, did not immediately answer. Finally, he gruffly said, "It is hardly worth while to take advantage of the speech which the Godhead has given us at this time, when we must talk in the presence of such a contemptible churl."

"Thou art very proud, cousin," briskly rejoined the donkey. "Surely, if any one has a right to be vain, it is thy humble servant, whose shoulders once bore our Saviour when he went to Jerusalem. Yet I think all this is of little consequence; and, besides, dost thou not see that the beggar is asleep?"

"Yes," responded the ox, "so it seems. But were he awake, I could tell him something he would be very glad to hear."

"Indeed!" said the donkey, pricking up his ears.

"Yes," continued the ox, "I could show this old beggar how a large fortune might be made next New-Year's night."

"Ah! how so?" the donkey inquired.

"Why, knowest thou not," exclaimed the ox, "that all the stones that have been sleeping for a hundred years at Plouhinec will be permitted to go down to the water and drink at that time? And moreover, what dost thou think can be seen when these stones are away?"

"Eh?" said the donkey, thoughtfully shaking his head. "How forgetful old age makes one! Oh yes! now I remember, gold and dazzling jewels lie underneath those stones, imbedded in the earth. But what of that? They can not be removed without endangering one's life; the stones return so quickly that, should a person be fool-hardy enough to make the attempt, he would be crushed before he could convey his treasures to a place of safety."

"Aha!" interposed the ox; "not if he possessed two talismans—the colewort and a clover with five leaves."

"And likewise, if my memory serves me," added the donkey, "an immortal soul must be sacrificed, else all the treasure would turn to dust."

"Yes, yes," assented the ox. "The sorcerer should not forget that the Evil One will require of him a Christian's soul."

Thus the ox and the donkey conversed together until morning. And the old man listened to all that was said, and thought to himself, "Well, this is news! Now I'm in luck! Much obliged to you, my dear animals!"

By daybreak the beggar arose and departed in quest of the colewort and the five-leaved clover. This search lasted a whole week, as he was obliged to go far into the country, where, the climate being warmer, plants kept always green. Just before the New-Year he returned to Plouhinec. He looked much like a weasel who had effected an entrance into a dove-cote; for this wicked old sorcerer had fixed upon the Christian whose soul was to be given—the poor worthy Bernec.

Strange to relate, the first person whom the beggar spied, on reaching the moor, was this good youth. He stood before the largest stone upon the heath, and was busily engaged in carving thereupon a large cross.

"God help you!" cried the old sorcerer, with a treacherous smile. "Do you intend to make a home for yourself in that great stone yonder?"

"No," answered Bernec; "but having nothing at present to do, I thought I would carve a cross on this unholy stone, that God might look down kindly on my work, and sooner or later remember me."

"Ah! have you any request to make of God?" asked the beggar.

"All Christians have a soul to save," the young man replied, in a serious tone.

"And have you nothing to ask of Him in regard to Rosa?" urged the other.

Bernec was silent for a moment. At last he exclaimed, "Then you know all. Well, if I *am* poor, it is no sin to love Rosa. Marcinne, however, would never take as a brother-in-law one who has fewer pennies than he has dollars."

"But what if I should give you as many pounds as he has pence?" said the old man, in a subdued voice.

"You?" cried Bernec, somewhat disconcerted.

"Yes, even I," the beggar calmly repeated.

"And what do you desire in return?" asked Bernec.

The other answered, "Only a place in your prayers."

"But will the performance of the task that you will give me interfere with my soul's welfare?" inquired Bernec, still distrustful of the beggar.

"No; it will require only courage," was the reply.

Hearing this, Bernec dropped his chisel, and impetuously cried, "Tell me what I shall do! I would risk my life a hundred times to gain Rosa at last."

"Listen to me, then," said the beggar, speaking in a mysterious tone.

The youth was all attention. He heard the story of the journey of the stones to the river, but not of their destructive return; he was told about the hidden treasure, yet naught of the dangers that attended its removal; and, furthermore, as you may well suppose, he learned nothing from the perfidious old man of the blood that must flow—the price of the gold. Bernec, sure that God would protect him, determined to act according to the old beggar's advice.

"Old man, I call the Heavens to witness," cried he, "that I will avail myself of this opportunity, and also aver that you have a claim upon me which I shall never, never forget. Only leave me now to finish this cross, and at the appointed time I will be with you."

Bernec kept his word. An hour before midnight he was on the spot. The beggar was already there, furnished with three large bags, one of which he held in his hand, while the two others were slung over his shoulders.

Bernec and the beggar remained there in silence for nearly an hour, the youth thinking the while of Rosa and his good fortune; the exultant old sorcerer sat near, gloating over the kindly face of his victim.

Suddenly a loud rumbling and clatter was heard on the moor. Midnight had struck, and the stones had awakened from their long sleep. Over and over they shook themselves, then rolling from their beds, started for the river pell-mell, like drowsy giants, making their way over the heath.

Thus they moved along on their errand under the light of the stars, and at last were lost from sight.

In a twinkling the beggar was on his feet and hastening with great rapidity to the moor. Even Bernec could hardly keep pace with the old man, who seemed to have acquired on the moment the power and agility of youth. When they reached the heath Bernec uttered a cry of astonishment, and devoutly crossed himself. In every bed which a stone had occupied was a hollow filled to the brim with gold, silver, and precious jewels. They glittered and sparkled in the starlight like dew in the sunshine of a summer's morning. The old man at once commenced filling the sacks that he had brought. Bernec had only the pockets of his jacket. He had stored away all that he could in these receptacles, and the beggar had well-nigh filled his bags, when a rushing noise was heard in the distance, like the roar of an advancing hurricane. The stones had drank, and were coming back! On they came, flying at their utmost speed, and sweeping down every thing before them. Bernec looked up and cried, "Holy Mary! we are lost!"

"I am not," said the sorcerer, waving the protecting talismans. "These will save me. But thou must die! Had I not the soul of a Christian at my disposal, I should not be permitted to bear off these treasures. Thy evil star conducted thee to me. Forget Rosa—think of thy doom!"

As the stones drew near the old beggar held up his talismans, and directly they gave way on either side. Bernec's life was now in great danger. He sank upon his knees, and closed his eyes.

But the largest stone of the number now dashed forward and planted itself in front of Bernec. At this unlooked-for reprieval the young man raised his head. The stone before him was the one on which he had carved the cross. Thus consecrated, it had no power to harm a Christian. It now served as a shield for Bernec until the other stones had regained their places. Then, leaving its post, it skimmed over the ground like a bird. The old sorcerer, dragging along his three heavy sacks, was directly in its way. The stone kept on, swerving neither to the right nor to the left. In vain the sorcerer held out his talismans: the stone, now a Christian, was proof against every unholy charm. Bernec, on reviving from the stupor into which he had fallen, saw that the stone had passed over and crushed the beggar, and was now settled in its accustomed place.

When the youth had recovered from his bewilderment he immediately appropriated to himself—and rightly, too—the contents of the three sacks that lay by the lifeless form of the wicked old beggar. He thus became the possessor of great wealth, though not enough to enrich all mankind. And Marcinne, well pleased, gave him his sister's hand, so that there was no longer any drawback to the happiness of the worthy youth.

On the following Christmas the old donkey and the lean ox talked a long time together about the gay and brilliant festival that attended the marriage of Bernec and Rosa.